

The TATLER

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London, July 29, 1931

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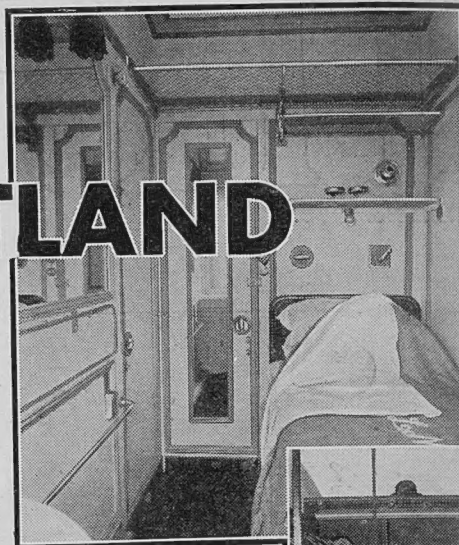
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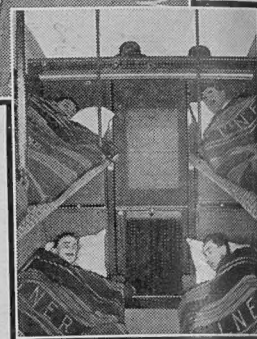
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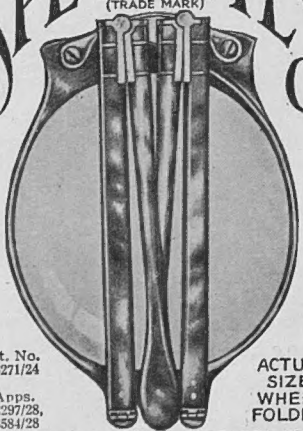
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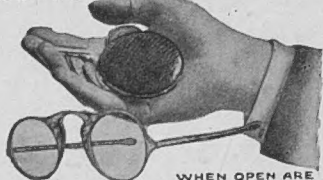
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1570.

London, July 29, 1931

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THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF RADNOR
AT THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY

Some more pictures of Their Majesties' Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last week appear on p. 173 in this issue. The new "bowler," which possibly would be more euphoniously and correctly called the Billy Coke, was in strong evidence and, as will be observed, is extremely becoming to some people. The variation of the hunting cap is already on its way, and an idealized topper and wide-awake seem to be possible developments. Lord Radnor is a member of the Council of the Prince of Wales, and Lady Radnor is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whorwood Adeane of Babraham Hall, Cambridge. Her mother is a kinswoman of Lord Leconfield



AT LADY LUDLOW'S GARDEN-PARTY: PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF HESSE, GRACE, LADY NEWBOROUGH, AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF HESSE

In the beautiful grounds of Lady Ludlow's seat, Luton Hoo, Bedfordshire. The late Lord Ludlow, who was Master of the Hertfordshire, was killed coming back from hunting by a fall over wire in Luton Hoo Park. Lady Ludlow's first husband was Sir Julius Wernher. Prince Christian of Hesse was formerly in the German Imperial Navy. The late Lord Newborough was killed in action in 1916

GROSVENOR SQUARE,
W.1

WELL, I don't know about you, but I'm completely exhausted. I see everything and everyone through a haze of weariness; perhaps it's just as well, if other people are looking as jaded as I feel. And quite a lot of them are. Neither parties nor conversation, which consists of "Hullo and good-bye; just off to the South of France," are very stimulating at this time of the season.

However, Lady Plymouth gave a grand fancy-dress affair last week in Hyde Park Gardens. By grand I mean marvellous, wonderful, or any other of those long-suffering adjectives which so constantly assail our tympanums. It was small, and yet everybody one wanted to see was there.

Tennants and Asquiths abounded. Lady Oxford, undisguised in spite of herself, came with Princess Bibesco, who impersonated Elinor Glyn "in her palmier



ALSO AT LUTON: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, LADY LUDLOW, AND MR. ARTHUR PULLEN

The hostess and two more of her guests at the attractive party she gave last week. Sir Ian Hamilton is too well known as a distinguished soldier to need any reference; but he is also a very literary general as his many works amply display. He was originally a Gordon Highlander

The Letters of Eve



LADY EDMONDSTONE AND LORD AND LADY STRADBROKE

Another group of people who were at Lady Ludlow's party last week. Lady Edmondstone is the wife of Sir Archibald Edmondstone. Lord Stradbroke's seat, Henham, is in Suffolk. He is a well-known member of the R.Y.S.

days," as she chose to put it. Lady Victor Paget's sister, Lady Packe, was there with her hair down. She wore a print frock, and so did her daughters. Animal masks hid plenty of faces, and I wondered how much some of them reflected their wearers' characters.

* * *

Lady Plymouth herself was undiscoverable as far as I was concerned, though occasionally her voice, which is a most individual trait, floated across the ballroom floor. Lord Plymouth was a policeman, most arresting, and Lady "Georgie" Curzon (her name always seems to be popping up, but I know you like hearing about her) came as her mother, in a fair wig, and it was impossible to know the difference.

Miss Ann Charteris, for whom the dance was given, looked delicious in a brocade frock and a lace mask, and Mr. Duff Cooper gave an excellent imitation of a Member of Parliament, not having dressed up at all.

Lady Patricia Hare was there, and I saw two girls dancing together, an innovation at a rout of this nature. We had a reel and lots of polkas and waltzes. The rather noisy performance of a certain

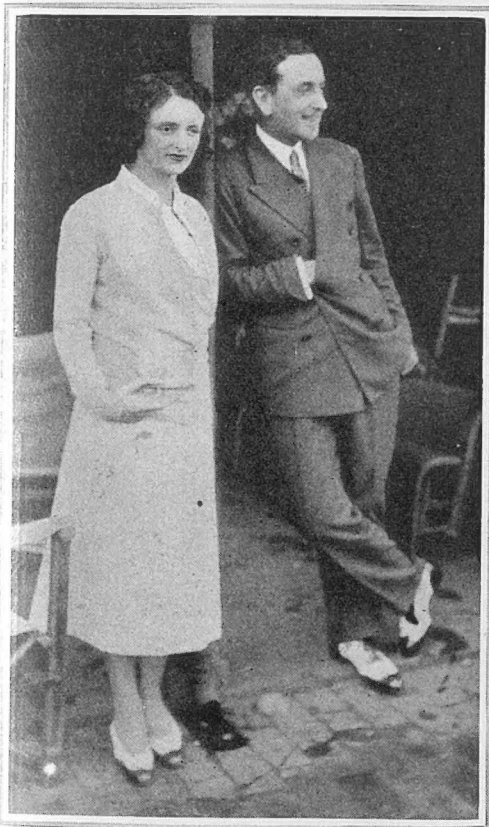
young man who shall be nameless did not appeal to everyone, but it was a splendid evening.

* * *

You're sure to have read all about Lady Fiona Pratt's marriage to Sir Gerard Fuller, but you probably haven't heard how the bridegroom spent his wedding morning. He was in a terrible state of nerves at the prospect of all the *tamasha* ahead, and a soothing occupation had to be found for him, so he was firmly taken out to choose carpets!

Such masses of lovely flowers, lilies and red gladioli, in St. Margaret's, and the pocket Lifeguardsmen were too engaging. One extraordinarily good idea was the provision of a fleet of private cars to transport people to Upper Grosvenor Street for the reception.

This was admirably done, too, lots of room, the well-disguised back stairs providing an escape into the garden for those who preferred to drink their champagne in the open. Both France and Italy are being called on during the honeymoon.



MRS. MALLOY AND THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN

At the same week-end party at Pinckney's Green as the picture at the top. Lord Milford Haven, who was in the Navy all through the War, is a brother of Lord Louis Mountbatten, the skipper of the Navy polo team, The Bluejackets which has done so well

with a short flannel coat of some plain colour to match. Rather nice and effective. Lots of straw bowlers, of course, mostly black, and Lord Portarlington's blue Homburg made a great hit.

Lord Rosebery saw Plectrum win, and Mrs. Corlette Glorney had hoped to witness her well-named Codicil doing ditto, but was disappointed. I hear that the smashing success of Golden Hair colt, which Mr. "Washy" Singer bred himself, has done him more good than all the doctors. He has been awfully ill, you know, but is now really getting on. Mrs. Singer was there, and the stewards insisted that she should enjoy all her husband's privileges. Miss Monica Sheriffe spent most of the day with Mrs. Vandy Beatty, and the "Flash" Kelletts and Lord Adare were on view too.

I wonder no one has thought of providing bins of some sort for the losing tote and bookie tickets which so freely litter the



WE ARE SEVEN!

The camera scatter-gun has caught, left to right: Miss Baba Beaton, who was one of last year's prettiest debutantes, Miss Wendy Barry, Mrs. Churton Castle, who is film acting, Mrs. Claud Partridge, Miss Benita Hume, who is also well-known on the films and the stage, Mrs. Tom Gabriel, who was Miss Zöe Palmer, the actress, and Miss Betty Schuster. The group was taken at a week-end party at Pinckney's Green last week

Saturday at Sandown was an improvement on Eclipse day. For one thing there were no "inquiries," also we were spared the sight of sodden silks and chiffons. As a matter of fact the latter always affords me a certain malicious glee, being of the opinion that people who dress so unsuitably when they go racing deserve to get wet.

However, this time no one took any chances, and we had a plethora of white mackintoshes to begin with. Later, when the weather cheered up one or two patterned foulards emerged, each

Members' Enclosure. Perhaps the folk who strewed the ground round the paddock with prawns' heads might, given the opportunity, also have been more tidily inclined.

* * *

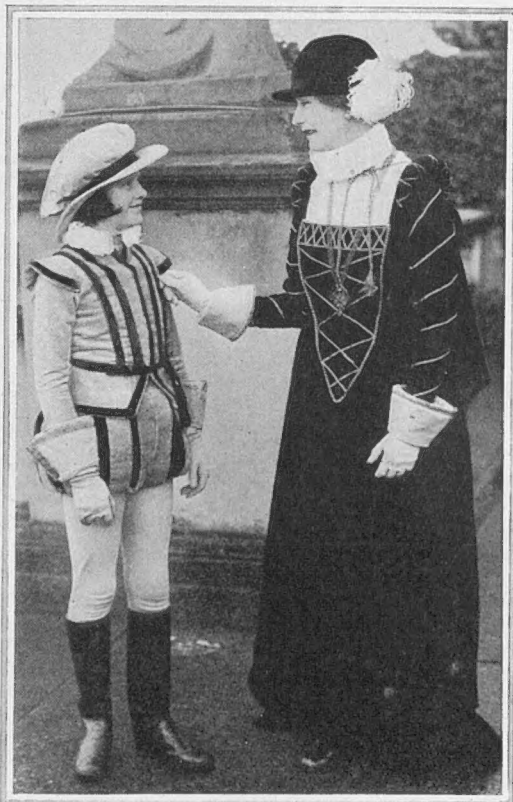
Mr. Laddie Sanford and two other young men were the hosts at a most amusing Savoy supper party. Some Lygons were there, as usual the grandest value, and—oh, gels what you missed!—Gary Cooper, the one and only "Movie" Adonis, both on and off the screen.

Cocktail parties are so thick that one bustles from one to the other. Mrs. Woolley-Hart's was one of the best, a certain originality being provided by tea, tomatojuice, and a harp. This was played by an exquisite creature not unlike Lady Castlerosse, or so I am told. I wasn't there to see and don't wish to cast any aspersion on the "Marble" beauty (*vide* the daily Press) of the fair Viscountess.

* *

Last week I told you about the river-party given by Mr. Peter Horlick's parents to welcome their daughter-in-law - to - be into the family circle. Naturally Miss Rosemary Nicholl

(Cont. overleaf)



AT THE NEWCASTLE PAGEANT: LADY CAROLYN HOWARD AND LADY CARLISLE

The Newcastle Pageant, which dealt with the events of the history of the North, is one of the biggest which has yet been done in this country. Six thousand people aided and abetted in making it a success. Lady Carolyn Howard, who is twelve, is Lord and Lady Carlisle's only daughter

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

had to reply in kind, and she did it with cocktails at Star House. This nice habitation belongs to Paul Maze, whose step-daughter, Miss "Peter" Nelson (incidentally almost as good an artist as he is), happens to be a great friend of the future Mrs.



AT THE EDINBURGH RACES: MR. DAVID BAIRD AND MISS HERSEY AND MISS EVELYN BAIRD

A wet day at Musselburgh, Edinburgh's famous race-course. Mr. David Baird and his sisters are the children of Mr. William and Lady Hersey Baird of Lennoxlove, Haddington. Mr. William Baird is the brother and heir-presumptive of Sir David Baird, Bart. Lady Hersey Baird is a sister of the Marquess of Conyngham

Penelope Dudley-Ward did this too. She is not out yet, being only seventeen, but her contemporaries will have something to live up to when she is launched on the social seas.

All the people one expected to see were there, and I should only be repeating myself if I gave you a list of names. Miss Joan Pearson, and others, had lots to say about the Royal Ball. A propos of which, will the Lord Chamberlain in future have to add "stockings must be worn," to the usual regulations about gloves? I hardly think Buckingham Palace is the place for dress reformers to practise their innovations, do you?

Quite one of the best charity evenings was the Eclipse Ball at the Dorchester. For one thing, many people who usually eschew these gatherings were there and gave us a welcome change of faces. Good-looking and jolly ones they were, too, and the side-shows had the great advantage of being original. Tremendous interest was attached to the auctioning of Munnings' blank canvas, which ultimately fell to Mr. Dewar at 1,000 guineas. Everyone immediately made up their minds that Cameronian will appear on it!

Lady Chesham made a very good clerk of the course for the Eclipse Derby. Altogether, everyone was in fine fettle.

The Royal Veterinary College, whose benefit it was, had a wonderful champion in Miss Dawkins, who though an amateur at the game DID organize. Would that some of the professionals at this tricky business would play as fair as she did.

Competitions nowadays seem to be progressive in every sense. You are either expected quite casually to do a circuit of England in an aeroplane or else sail across Atlantic in a small yacht. This, by the way, is, I believe, one of the most exciting and therefore hazardous things you can do. Literally casting yourself on the waters and hoping to arrive after many days.

Though fewer big yachts are in commission this year there is an increase in "sea-mindedness"; this may be because people do so long to get away from the everyday hubbub; to some this form of holiday may be said to come under the heading of "peace at any price."

Horlick, and there you are. The owner of the house wasn't taking part, and possibly didn't even know that he was entertaining on this fine scale, he being at present in Normandy staying at the villa lent to his family party for the summer by Madame de Balsan.

Star House, which overlooks the river in Chelsea, is a regular gallery of modern French art, with pictures by Degas, Renoir, and so on, to delight the eye. Miss

Commander Kitson is one owner of new craft, his 120 ton schooner, *Golden Hind*, having gone to Norway for her maiden voyage. Her wood-work is golden brown throughout, most suitable considering her name. She has a cousin, the steam yacht *Kiloran*, owned by Lord Strathcona. This boat is kept very busy during the summer, for she is Lord and Lady Strathcona's chief means of communication with the mainland when they are on their lovely island of Colonsay.

To give honour where honour is due is proverbially a good thing, and there was a fine example of this practice at a certain recent first night. An unusually generous supply of thanks-giving speeches had been provided after the final fall of the curtain, but this did not satisfy one member of the audience who called loudly for "Prompter." And quite right too!

The Royal Garden Party was naturally the event of the week, but on the principle of keeping the best to the last I am going to preface my account of it by a word or two about the one given by Princess Mary to the members of the League of Mercy.

This was held in the gardens of St. James's Palace, and a most diverse fashion display was provided. Some of the guests were dressed as if they were going riding with King James I., while others gave the impression that they had looked in on their way to some mild merrymaking at a rather remote country rectory.

There was the inevitable posse of bowlers, but men still clung to their top-hats, with the exception of Mr. Hornby Steer, who was, happily, hatless. Lady Alexander was a striking figure in a dress of diabolical green, Lady Brassey was in grey, and Miss Lawson-Johnston's pink outfit suggested that she had just come on from escorting some bride up the aisle with her accustomed efficiency. The Duchess of Norfolk was there, but Lady Newnes looked far more resplendent.

Their Majesties really have done marvels of entertaining this year! When you think of the junketings at Holyrood, a State Ball, and the Garden Party all happening in a fortnight. *Entre nous*, how frightfully bored they must be with people's best clothes; the sight of a reefer jacket or a simple bit of tweed will be a solace.

Patterned stuffs were supposed to be "going out"; they did, to Buckingham Palace. Enormous quantities of them there were, but on the whole the plain ones looked more serene. Lots of lace was worn as well; Princess Mary's was of the pink she likes so much, and Lady Carisbrooke lovely in coffee colour. The Duchess of York's enthusiasm for the revived ostrich feather will set everyone rummaging in their store room.

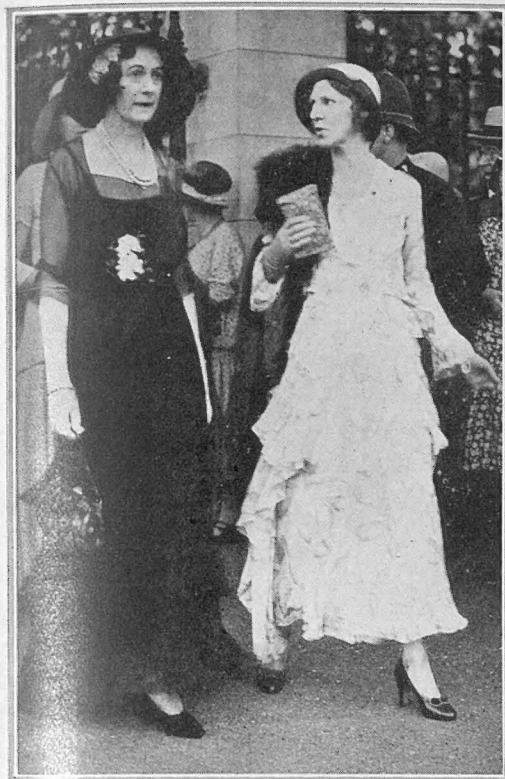
No space remains for the general company, but the chief feature of the day must not be forgotten. Strawberries may be popular at Ascot and Lord's, but there is nothing to come up to the Royal Raspberries.—With love, EVE.



AT THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: THE HON. WALTER AND LADY EVELYN GUINNESS

Their Majesties' Garden Party was luckily favoured by fine weather, and the beautiful grounds looked their very best. The Hon. Walter Guinness is a brother of Lord Iveagh and Lady Evelyn Guinness is Lord Buchan's younger sister

TO FINISH THE SEASON: THEIR MAJESTIES' GARDEN PARTY

LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD
AND LADY GEORGE CHOLMONDELEYMISS JEAN SCOTT, LORD CECIL MANNERS, AND
THE HON. MRS. THOMAS CHOLMONDELEYLADY COKE AND MR. MENZIES
ARRIVING AT THE PALACE

SIR JOHN AND LADY DASHWOOD



LORD ROTHSCHILD



LORD AND LADY CRANBORNE AND LADY RICHARD CAVENDISH

Blessed by a real summer's day the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace fulfilled all the expectations of Their Majesties' ten thousand guests and provided the perfect finish to the London Season. At four o'clock the King and Queen emerged from the Palace, and after greeting the sixteen members of the Royal Family present moved on to the velvety lawns where further greetings and presentations took place. As will be seen from these pictures, frocks, though lovely, showed none of the wilder flights of Fashion's new fancies, simple grace being the key-note. Sir John Dashwood's attractive wife wore one of the new hats and well it became her; her gauntlet gloves were attractive too. Miss Jean Scott and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Cholmondeley are sisters, being the daughters of Lord George Scott. Lord Cecil Manners is the Duke of Rutland's uncle, and Lady Cranborne is Lord and Lady Richard Cavendish's elder daughter.

The Cinema

Miladi Into Wolf! By JAMES AGATE

I HAVE just thought of a new novel. Little Jonathan Silvermeadow is sent up to London by an unkind step-father, where for some time he is engaged doing menial jobs for a stout-bottler, in the course of which he makes friends with a fantastic, highly-amusing, but also highly impecunious gentleman, not unlike Ally Sloper. Being unhappy, he runs away and seeks refuge with a gaunt old lady, who gives him a bath and apprentices him to the law. Presently, he falls in love with a charming little doll, who shakes her curls at him and dies in child-birth, after which he makes a second marriage with one who has always been his guardian angel. Now, reader, having perused this novel, would you or would you not accuse me of plagiarism? Or at least of very generously taking my plot where somebody else found it. Personally, I think that if I tried anything of the sort on the public there would be the Dickens of a row! Now read what is called "the story in brief" of a film released this week: "The Prime Minister of Saxonia discovered that the Queen had given one of Saxonia's ambassadors a ring presented to her by the King. He hinted his discovery to his Sovereign, who planned a ball at which he requested that the Queen should wear the ring. To retrieve the ring the Queen despatched Stephanie, her favourite lady-in-waiting, to von Rimpau, requesting the return of the jewel. The Minister had Michael Lanyard, master crook, known as the Lone Wolf, in his power, and promised him his freedom if he would go to Delma and extract the ring from von Rimpau's safe. Lanyard secured the jewel, and then discovered that the Prime Minister intended double-crossing him. In the subsequent battle of wits the crook won and the Queen was able to wear the ring at the State Ball, the Prime Minister being sent out of the country in disgrace." Now am I wrong, or when I was a boy was there not a story about a king of France, and a queen of France, and a jewel, and an English Duke of Buckingham, and a cardinal, and somebody called Miladi? And was there not something about the queen desiring to wear that jewel at a State ball, and was not the cardinal something of a crafty fox given to double-crossing? I have not seen *Last of the Lone Wolf*, merely remarking I shall be the last to see this Lone Wolf, for I dislike vulgarizations of familiar and beautiful things. I take my information from a manifesto issued by the presenting firm. Nor shall I be encouraged to go by the statement that "Patsy Ruth Miller, who plays the leading feminine rôle in *Last of the Lone Wolf*, is a clever little picture actress who has managed to make good on the stage despite the fact that she made her first appearance behind the footlights without a single bit of training!" Nor yet shall I be lured by the information that when Mr. Bert Lytell was rehearsing he didn't have a bath-robe, and persistently refused to buy one during the entire production "for fear of jinxing the thing!" This information leaves me colder than the absence of that bath-robe left Mr. Lytell.

The Subway Express at the Capitol proved to be an overingenious thriller with nothing but intricacy to commend it. It was moral only in the paradoxical sense of suggesting that if a life of crime is to be as difficult and subtle a business as all this, then a life of virtue is an easier way of existence. Here, as simply as one can possibly tell it, was the plot. A fight broke out on a crowded New York sub-way express, a gun shot was heard, and Borden, of the stock-broking order of humanity, fell to the floor. The general impression was that Borden had been shot. But he recovered, and Tracy, his business partner, was found dead, sitting bolt upright, with a bullet wound in his chest. Whereupon, to everyone's astonishment, a medical examiner announced that Tracy's death was caused not by a bullet but by electrocution! Police-Inspector Killian, as third-degreeish a type as Mr. Jack Holt can present, took charge



MISS ELISSA LANDI

The young film actress whom America discovered for us while she was making a name for herself on the English stage. She made an instant success on the films in America, and her first two pictures, "Body and Soul" and "Always Goodbye," have been shown over here and speak for themselves. Miss Elissa Landi's next picture is a Fox Film picture entitled "Wicked"

of the situation and refused to allow any of the passengers to leave the train. He got to know that Borden and Tracy had quarrelled earlier in the day because of Borden's attentions to Mrs. Tracy! The police-inspector next questioned Mason, a subway switch inspector, and Stevens who with Mrs. Tracy was a member of the Borden party. A pair of heavy leather gloves, fitted with copper discs on the palm, was found. They exactly fitted Stevens, but Stevens was mysteriously shot and killed during this fitting at a moment when the subway lights went out. Complications crowded upon one another, but finally the inspector discovered that six subway posts had been wired. This was a technicality momentarily beyond my neighbours and beyond me, and I submit that the crux of such a business should not even for a second be a technicality. The inspector, however, went on to establish the fact that a man wearing leather gloves could kill a subway passenger by touching him with one hand and with the other making contact with the wired posts. Now Mason was the only suspect who had access to the tracks, and finally the crime was planted on him. He confessed and said that Tracy originated the murder device. Tracy, jealous of Borden's attentions to Mrs. Tracy, had determined to kill Borden, and

had hired Mason to do the deed. But Mason was in love with Tracy's divorced first wife and bitterly resented Tracy's treatment of her. Does the reader confess to having lost the thread hereabouts? *Moi aussi!* But I was helped out by a perspicuous note in the programme, as to which I have to say that a programme, especially when it involves "bargin' saxpence" as at the Capital, should never be an indispensable concomitant to film-going. It appeared that Mason, taking advantage of a temporary darkness in the subway, deliberately killed Tracy instead of Borden. Thereupon Mason shot Stevens because he thought Stevens had detected his crime. By this time I cared not at all who shot whom.



LITTLE "STYMIE," AMERICA'S LATEST BOY WONDER

"Stymie" is the newest recruit to Hal Roach's *Our Gang Kids*, and is a Jackie Coogan of the future if present performance is any true indication as to what may happen

WITH THE FLYING

BRIGADE AT HESTON



MRS. VEREKER, MRS. GULBEUKIAN
AND (right) MRS. WOOLLEY - HART



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
WITH LADY CAMBRIDGE



MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY, MISS JEAN CRICHTON, THE
HON. ELIZABETH BRAND, AND MR. JACK CHAPLIN



LORD AND LADY HADDINGTON AND
LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO (centre)



THE HON. MRS. EDWIN
MONTAGU AND MR.
RUPERT BELLVILLE



FURTHER ONLOOKERS: MR. L. GREY SYKES
CAPTAIN J. C. HARGREAVES AND MISS IAN RICARDO

The Household Brigade Flying Club, which was founded some four years ago and is a very flourishing concern, held a flying meeting last Wednesday at its headquarters, Heston. There was a garden-party flavour about the affair, for the Guards' Band played and smart frocks decorated feminine spectators of the various aerial demonstrations which occurred. The Prince of Wales, who takes a tremendous interest in the Club, flew to the meeting from Llanelli, where H.R.H. had been attending the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show. Mrs. Vereker pilots her own 'plane, and Lady Kathleen Rollo has been busy learning to do likewise. The Hon. Mrs. Edwin Montagu and Mr. Rupert Bellville recently flew to Moscow, and Mr. Jack Chaplin, who took part in the King's Cup Air Race, was Captain Shield's colleague in the record "Warsaw and back in a day" flight. Miss Marjorie Brassey and Miss Crichton, are cousins, being the respective daughters of Mrs. Edgar Brassey and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton. Mr. Grey Sykes and Captain J. C. Hargreaves are both in the Grenadier Guards

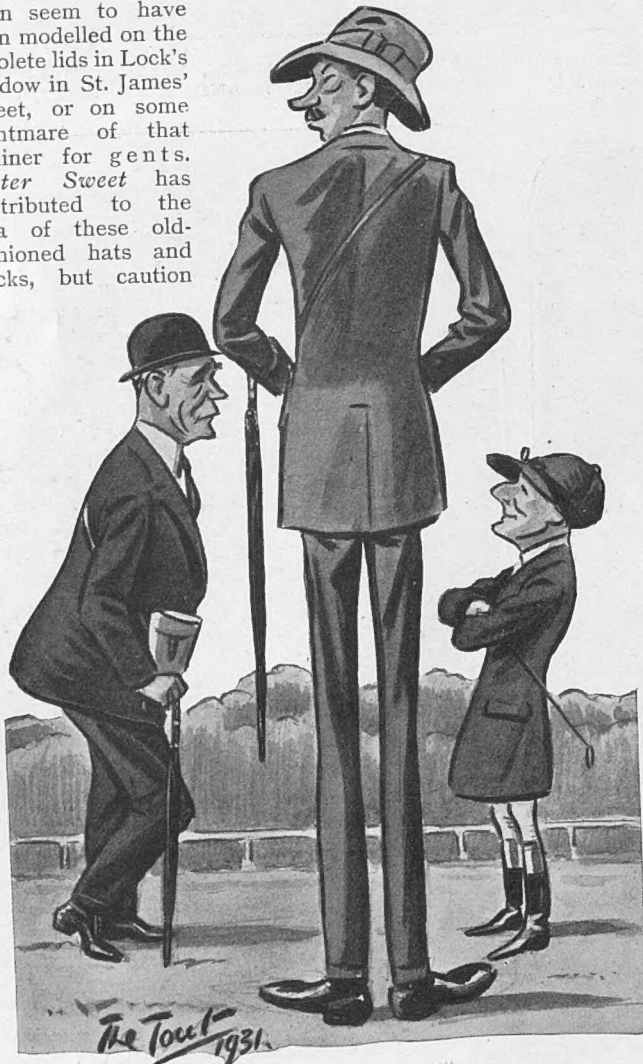
RACING RAGOUT: "GUARDRAIL"

By

IT is always with regret that one leaves the July course at the end of the second meeting, knowing that one will not return to Newmarket again till the bleak, cold October meetings on the other course. It is very satisfactory to know, however, that the suggested alterations to the July course will be improvements without spoiling the present attractions. The course will run through the present rings and enclosures, new stands being built on the plantation side. This shifting of the course will, I believe, cut out the bit of ridge and furrow conformation which exists on the present course, and the stands will give one a view of the racing, an odd idea to a July course habitué. The plantation will be untouched except for a few trees at the far end which obscure part of the long-distance races.

The two-year-old selling race on the Thursday was won by Barnacle Bill and was bought after the race by Mr. Gerald Deane, who is shortly to be married and to whom we offer our felicitations and best wishes. The favourite for this race was the well-named Buncle, being out of Royal Plush. Mr. Buncle is, of course, the outsize in gate-keepers, whose appearance at Ascot in his green velvet suiting is one of the features of the meeting and who, in pre-War days, was wont to throw a perfect cascade of junior officers from the Empire promenade into Leicester Square with just sufficient back spin to make them "lie dead" on the pavement and not pitch and run on into the street. Riot won the Chesterfield Stakes with some ease from Philander, and is a very nice filly. Grand Style was out of his class and wants a sharp course.

Just as men are more and more abandoning the "gents black coke" hat women are taking it up, and the bowlers as worn seem to have been modelled on the obsolete lids in Lock's window in St. James' Street, or on some nightmare of that milliner for gents. *Bitter Sweet* has contributed to the idea of these old-fashioned hats and frocks, but caution



RONNY FARQUHARSON, LORD PORTMAN, AND MICKY BEARY

An impression gathered after Lord Portman's Galhampton had won at Sandown—trained by the Master of Tilshead who used to be well known in Ceylon. Lord Portman is Joint Master of the Taunton Vale and used to be Joint of the Warwickshire

should be exercised in praising them as witness the case of young —, a most-polished courtier who, wishing to do the right thing, congratulated a lady on her bustle frock when she wasn't wearing one.

A couple of issues ago I referred to the danger of sitting on wet grass on the July Course, which I understand has caused pain (my reference), and I wish to express my contrition to any who may feel they have been slighted.

The Eclipse meeting at Sandown was spoilt by the filthy weather. Gala Parade, one of the smartest two-year-old platers, was bought after running away with the Ditton

Selling by the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who will train him, and we hope several more with Captain Percy Whitaker at Newmarket. Another owner who is returning to the game is Sir Leonard Brassey, who is starting a string with Mr. Harry Cottrill at Lambourn. Plenty, probably too much, has been written and said about the Eclipse itself; suffice it to say that a good and apparently very game horse won it. Inquiries into inconsistent running of no matter whose horses are all for the good of the sport, and as Mr. Lambton said, are a warning to crooks.

The Golden Hair colt made hacks of his opponents in the National Breeders Produce Stakes, giving them weight and a slamming. This colt was bred by Lord Furness at his Giltown Stud in Ireland, one of the most perfectly run establishments in that country.

The Eclipse ball on the Friday night held at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the Royal Veterinary College, was the success that the untiring efforts of Lady Chesham and the promoters deserved. Mr. Munnings' blank canvas was sold at auction for £1,000 to Mr. J. Dewar, and it is understood is designed for a portrait of Cameronian, probably the best horse he will ever have. A large number of the racing fraternity—jockeys, trainers, bookmakers, and owners, as well as innumerable hunting people from all over England—turned up, and the result must have been a very substantial assistance to the cause.

Liverpool started with a fine day, but even so it is hardly an interesting meeting, fields ruling small and class bad. Orpen ran a good horse to give the weight to Khorsheed, but the result might have been different had not the latter been forced to make his own running the whole way, which resulted in a slow run race.

The Molyneux cut up rather badly, and To You, far the best-looking horse in the field, won, not out of his turn, nor unexpectedly. On anything but an easy track, five furlongs looks to be all that he gets.

With Goodwood upon us, a selection for the trickiest race of the year, the Stewards Cup, seems to be indicated, and I will not depart from Heronslea and Xandover, though a good lunch and a cigar is the best wager for this contest.



MAX SCHMELING IN BERLIN

The putative world's champ went back to Berlin after laying out Young Stribling stone cold and is here seen congratulating the jockey who rode the winner of the Schmeling Cup

THIS AND THAT

The Camera Keeps on Keeping on



HONEYMOONING: MR. AND MRS. DAVID FORBES

A picture taken at Gleneagles Hotel of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes of Callendar's son and the Hon. Arnold and Mrs. Henderson's daughter, who were married on July 2 at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Mr. Forbes, like his twin brother, Mr. St. John Forbes, who was his best man, is in the Coldstream. His very charming bride is a grand-daughter of Lord Faringdon



LADY COLQUHOUN OF LUSS AND LADY HARTINGTON



IN MEDIEVAL DISGUISE: LADY LONDONDERRY AS SHE APPEARED AT THE NEWCASTLE PAGEANT

Stuart



MR. JUSTICE AND LADY WRIGHT WITH MISS BASSETT AND MISS RIGBY

Lady Londonderry (see top right) played an important part and looked exceedingly regal in the Pageant of Newcastle and the North which opened last week. There were over 6,000 performers, and the production was magnificent. Lady Colquhoun of Luss and Lady Hartington were victims of the camera while engaged on a round of golf at Turnberry, the famous Ayrshire course. Lady Colquhoun, Sir Iain Colquhoun's wife, is a cousin of Lord Glenconner

This photograph of Mr. Justice Wright and his wife was taken at Swindon where a jumping contest was recently held in aid of the Victoria Hospital. Lady Wright's feats of horsemanship are well known, and she wins regularly at Olympia and Islington. She is here seen in the foreground on Toby, and behind her is Miss Bassett. Mr. Justice Wright, whose dog is called Snuff, is the judge in the Kysant case

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

The Cinema of Life.

ONE of the most startling things in life, especially as one grows older, is to realize how time wipes out, as by a dirty rag, people, incidents, events which once upon a time were more vital than anything which had ever happened to you, and seemingly, from your point of view, in the whole history of the world. Is there anything more emotionally disconcerting, for example, than an old album of snap-shots? There you sit grinning, surrounded by your friends, and in your long out-moded costume you look as ancient as grand-papa, while your friends have, many of them, faded away, and in any case you no longer want to spend a picnic with some of them, nor very much care where they happen to be now. The War, to those who lived through it, will for ever be in their minds a sharp tragedy of literally *Yesterday*, but in the company of quite grown-up young people it is quite disturbing to realize that you, because you lived through it, are regarded by them as of a kind of "museum" interest. Their own minds and hearts are packed to overflowing with the thrills of their moment. To them, as the same thrills were once to you, nothing else matters, has ever mattered, will ever matter. They are living on a metaphorical apex, and are as excited by the complication of the moment as if that moment were going to last for ever, and upon it all the future significance of life must converge. You cannot make them realize that it is all just a mere "fade out" in the cinema-entertainment of life; that presently, in a few years' time, it will all seem like the simple echo of some story which has long since been told; that, metaphorically speaking, the whole past history of the world takes a very secondary place beside the toothache of the moment. And yet people fuss and are fussed by the Present as if the Present were permanent, as if it alone mattered; as if never, never, never, so long as you may live, will you be able to forget it, or that it will ever become as grotesquely unreal as a Victorian fashion-book. If the dead retain any semblance of human consciousness, I imagine they must often laugh at the antics of the living world fitting themselves in readiness for the Great Adventure by denying themselves this-of-little-import and that of even less; all done in an effort to attain a purely outward worthiness. The so-called "sins" seem so terrific, especially those committed by other people when, in reality, most of them matter as little as did the terrifying moment when long years ago mother suddenly found us stealing a spoonful of jam. Indeed, the longer one lives the more life appears to be a kind of spectacle in which one moment we are taking a part and in the next watching ourselves perform. So that memory is rather like a cinema entertainment during which we can smile, gaily or sadly, according to our foretime seriousness, at events which at the moment of their occurrence seemed to contain within themselves the whole essence of permanence. Everything is "dead" or, perhaps, has never really existed to those who themselves have never *known*. Marie Antoinette in the hours before her execution stood, so to

speak, alone on the tragic apex of all that life had ever held for her; each moment there dripped from her heart the fear, the suffering, the heartbreak of the whole world. And yet to-day a Sweet Young Thing dresses up to represent her and obtains a certain *éclat* by holding in her hands a fan which actually belonged to the dead Queen.

And that, so far as Marie Antoinette is now concerned, is that! Time does change the perspective of life so completely that the biggest joke of all are those men and women who live and act and believe that doing what they do, thinking as they think, being as they are, the present moment demands from others all the strict etiquette of a ceremony at which royalty is present. The irony of "The King is dead. Long live the King" applies to the present moment far more than it does to monarchs. No matter how you erect monuments, no matter how many times history is written and re-written, it never once regains any semblance of reality, it's just a picture peopled by the men and women of a picture-book. If it were possible to retrace the hours day by day, would time, you ask yourself incredulously, *really* bring you back to that small boy in an Eton collar; to that small girl vain because her hair reached her waist; to that young man who wept those bitter tears because *The Girl* danced twice with somebody else; to that

young woman who believed the world would be well lost for the youth in the Oxford "bags" and the Charley Chaplin moustache; to that group of grinning people who, in the photograph, are sitting on the Sussex Downs (or was it that day on the Yorkshire moors?) all of whom nowadays have no more reality, inwardly and outwardly, than Raleigh throwing his cloak down in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, or the suffragettes hunger-striking in Holloway?

Memories of the Indian Mutiny.

To-day, for example, I have just received a letter from a reader of my books who writes in answer to a few lines from me, "I intend to keep your letter for all time." (Well, I give it a symbolical week.) Is there anything more emotionally disturbing than, for example, to turn out a drawer of old souvenirs? Such a number of once-precious things which you have quite forgotten. So many things to remind you of people and events which once upon a time were the most vital, the only really vivid, realities of life. Yet now the problem is, "Shall you burn them as rubbish, or shall you wait and let other people burn them when you can no longer do it for yourself?" Some people will be depressed by all this, perhaps. They have no need to be. It is only when you actually realize that in this life the present moment alone really counts, that all else is impermanent, or merely figurative, that you can enjoy the blessings big or small which it brings, see tragedy in its true perspective, and laugh or weep with a clear conscience at the pure cinema which is life. I was reminded of these things by two very interesting books which I have just finished reading. One is "The Indian Mutiny in Perspective," by Lieut.-General Sir George McMunn (Bell, 15s.),

(Continued on p. 180.)



MISS ETHEL LEVY (MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE) AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS GEORGETTE COHAN

The latest picture from Cowes, where little Georgette Cohan, Mrs. Grahame-White's daughter by her first marriage, is recuperating after a recent serious operation. Georgette Cohan was one of many charming Peter Pans. Mr. Claude Grahame-White owns the steam yacht, "Ethleen," 485 tons



MR. HUBERT A. MEREDITH

The author of "The Drama of Money Making," which has been published by Sampson Low and is described as the tragedy and comedy of the London Stock Exchange. Although it appears to be a book on finance, it has been written in a definitely light vein for the general public and not solely for financiers

A BITTER OUTLOOK!

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"Wot are we goin' to 'ave—some rain, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown on his way to Red Lion: "Some beer, I 'ope"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the other, Mr. Maurice Baring's charming history of Mary Queen of Scots, entitled "In My End is My Beginning" (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). Even to me the Indian Mutiny is little more than a terrible story, as unreal as was the Crimean Campaign, or as the Great War will be to those who were born yesterday. And yet at the moment when it occurred thousands of men and women lived through all the terror, the suffering, endured the pain, found ignominy or found glory as we, too, did between the years 1914-18. Only we simply can't realize it; or, if we try to do so, the realization is only that mild kind of distress, in which we read in the morning's newspaper that a thousand natives have been drowned in China. So that when we cry that some great tragedy, some great glory will "never be forgotten, but will endure for evermore," it is in purely a metaphorical sense, meaning that those who actually experienced it will still feel something of the "wound" or the glow of pride, but to others it will live to be only a name and a date and a thrilling narrative, almost as unactual as the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." Our hearts are too cramped, our imaginations too feeble to encompass any tragedy which is not actually our own; to a great extent, any tragedy which is not actually in being. So that to have died on the Flanders fields seems somehow "bigger" than to have been killed during the Indian Mutiny. Which fact makes life happier perhaps; but oh, how infinitely narrower and infinitely lesswise! For one generation can never thus learn from the experience of the generation previous, but must always go on to learn it over again for itself. And thus the most marked feature of human progress is the unintelligence of its progression. One wonders, for example, if any of the lessons taught by the Indian Mutiny are having any influence in the conduct of India during its present unrest? Sir George MacMunn's vividly written and interesting book is not, however, out to teach; it is out to reconstruct, from facts and information garnered throughout the author's life, the whole terrible story, to trace as far as possible the causes which led to the revolt, to describe the methods sometimes good, sometimes ill-advised, which the British Government of the day employed to suppress or counteract it; the while he relates the various incidents, tragic and glorious, which alone meant the Mutiny from the point of view of the soldiers, the British residents, and those in High Places and in Lowly who remained at home. It is a thrilling and interesting story, and if only books of this kind were read aloud in schools then perhaps the past would have a greater bearing on the minds of the rising generation, and thus to their own greater safety and well-being. As it is, history, even the history of yesterday, seems only too like a story—"Yarns" from somebody else's life carrying with them little significance and less "warning" into our own. And yet . . .

The Tragic Queen.

In "In My End is My Beginning," Maurice Baring re-tells once again the sad story of the life of Mary Queen

of Scots from the day she left France to the day upon which she met her death on the block. In his preface he declares that he makes no claim to any special knowledge, and yet somehow one feels that the *real* story is more or less here. And why? Because it is so very human, so simply told. It is related in four parts. Each of the four Marys recounts it from her own experience. This perhaps might easily lead to a sense of monotony, especially as the style of each narrative is almost identical. That it is never monotonous is, I suppose, due to two things—one being that the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots could

not possibly be anything less than moving and dramatic however told; the other that Mr. Baring's style is at once so vivid, so placid, and so beautiful. It is not a book to read at a gulp, but to be enjoyed leisurely. It will repay being read thus, for the impression left behind is one of real loveliness.

The Horror which is Devil's Island.

Mr. W. E. Allison-Booth's grim description of life in the Penal Settlements of French Guiana, "Devil's Island" (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), is not the book for anybody's holiday. It is the kind of book which makes you long to be up and doing, whereas the ideal holiday book should fit in with the mood of lying down and doing nothing. It is a terrible indictment of the unnecessary torture which French criminals have to endure under that tropical sun on those islands which have as yet been only half reclaimed from the jungle. The way of the French criminal banished to Devil's Island is not only hard, it is inhumanly horrible. One cannot, however, altogether blame the severity which is their treatment. There you have soldiers living in hourly danger of mutiny, guarding criminals whose misery is always driving them towards a desperate despair; both living in a climate in which white men, even in easy circumstances, often degenerate to the level of the brute. There is bound to be a dreadful reaction in the minds of those placed under such conditions and in such circumstances. One cannot imagine, for example, how civilized men living in a natural condition could otherwise accept what is known in these penal settlements as the death punishment by dry guillotine—a man lashed to a tree in the jungle, and left there to die by thirst, hunger, and the ravages of animals and insects. Yet, according to the author that is quite a common, as well as the most dreadful form of capital punishment. Moreover, his account seems to possess an additional air of veracity by reason of the fact that the real names of real men are given in each story, whether it be the account of a murder, an attempt, mostly vain, to desert, or any other of the ghastly and tragic experiences included in his painful, but very, very interesting narrative. He himself, after being a sailor on a ship plying between the States and St. Laurent, became so impressed by the plight of the prisoners and the things he observed, the stories he heard, that later on he came to live upon the island, presumably as a sailor who had missed his ship, and so learned the truth at first hand. The result is a story of sheer horror.



JACK BUCHANAN STANDS UP AND SINGS

An impression of one of the most successful and popular actors in musical comedy in the world by Autori, who also has a good deal to do with musical drama when he is not busy doing these amusing pictures. Jack Buchanan is joint author with Douglas Furber of the book of "Stand Up and Sing," which has been playing to capacity at the Hippodrome since early March and is still imitating a famous whisky

ON THE PLAY BILLS



Vanamm
MISS GERTRUDE
LAWRENCE
IN "THE BAND
WAGGON" IN
AMERICA



MISS
MARION
LORNE



MR. GEOFFREY
GWYTHYER
(JACK) AND
MISS ETHEL-
IND TERRY
(NINA) IN
"NINA ROSA"



PEGGY AND CORTEZ

Stage Photo Co.

Stage Photo Co.

Miss Marion Lorne, who is Mrs. Walter Hackett in private life, as may be said, and incidentally one of the most fascinating actresses on the stage, is going into her husband's new play, "Take a Chance," which was produced at the Whitehall Theatre on the 28th, and has something to do with racing, but more so with those wicked things, sweepstakes—Irish and otherwise. Mr. Walter Hackett took the entire company down to Sandown Park on Eclipse Stakes day so that they could make a study of types and get a bit of "atmosphere." Probably they collected quite a lot of both! Miss Marion Lorne is in joint management with her husband. Miss Gertrude Lawrence's picture is the latest one from America, where she went with the Noel Coward play, "Private Lives," but she is not naturally in any kit that she wears in that play. "Nina Rosa," the robust musical comedy with a Peruvian setting, which is doing good business at the Lyceum, was dealt with in our theatrical pages and in caricature last week, so not much more need be said except to indicate that Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther and Miss Ethelind Terry are the hero and heroine, and Peggy and Cortez the most expert incidental dancers

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

"The Tatler" Scheme.

BY the time these notes appear the King's Cup air race will have been flown, the Air Exercises will be over, and there will be, apart from the Scarborough and the Norfolk and Norwich Clubs' pageants, the beginning of an aeronautical siesta, a lull before the Schneider Trophy race. I shall hope to deal with the King's Cup race in a subsequent issue; meanwhile the opportunity is fitting for a brief consideration of some of the results of the competitions at the clubs and schools for THE TATLER free flying scholarships.

For those degenerates who fail to read these notes regularly it may be rehearsed that on April 15 last, THE TATLER offered to teach one person to fly at every important Flying Club and School in the kingdom free of charge, and to give an almost unlimited number of trial lessons. There were no formalities; no signings or dotted lines, or forms A and B or subsections (ii) and (iii), or other of the paraphernalia of those who stink of ink and would replace lives by ledgers. Instead all that was necessary was for the person to go to the nearest aerodrome with his copy of THE TATLER and to tell the chief instructor that he wanted to learn to fly. The rest was simple. He was given a trial lesson, and of all those given a trial lesson the best six at each club and school were selected. These took a little further dual at their own expense, and the best one was chosen for a complete free flying course up to the point of receiving the pilot's "A" licence.

It is true to say that those most closely connected with flying had no conception of the widespread desire which exists in this country to learn to fly until THE TATLER scheme began. It was not many hours after the announcement of the scheme in the special flying number of THE TATLER that 1,000 people had applied for trial lessons, and there was still no perceptible decrease in the rate at which the applications were coming to the clubs and schools.

* * *

The Winners.

At every aerodrome in the country the scheme was being discussed, and the impetus given to both private and club flying must have been considerable. During the past few weeks we have been publishing the names of the winners at the various aerodromes, and it is opportune to collate these names and to look over the results generally.

The first thing to be noticed is that among the first sixteen results to be received there appeared the names of two women, Miss S. Tilney and Miss E. M. Jackaman. Miss Tilney won

the scholarship at Hanworth, the headquarters of National Flying Services, and Miss Jackaman at the Airwork School of Flying at Heston. So that two of the chief London centres have provided further fuel for the neo-feminist movement and have helped to justify the contentions of those whose war-cry seems to be:

"Once more unto the breeches, dear friends, once more."

An illustration of the high standard reached by the pupils comes from the Leicestershire Aero Club, where three people tied for the scholarship: Mr. H. C. C. Macleod, Captain J. B. Norton, and Mr. R. J. Barr. It was decided that the fairest system was to divide up the dual available evenly between them. It is impossible to say—even if it were advisable—if the standard of flying at any one club was higher than

at any other; but the London Club probably had the greatest total number of applicants to deal with in the least time, and so it is especially to the credit of Mr. R. B. Brock that he should have won the scholarship at the London Club.

So far I have had only two letters from those who have thus been introduced to flying by THE TATLER, but I hope that others will let me know from time to time how they are progressing. It is always interesting to follow a person's flying career from the uncertain to the certain, the inexperienced to the experienced. Perhaps it is worth reminding my readers that the winners published in previous issues are:

Airwork School of Flying (Miss E. M. Jackaman).
Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Aero Club (Captain R. Heard).
Blackpool and Fylde Aero Club (Mr. M. E. Hillacre-Richards).
Bristol and Wessex Aeroplane Club (Mr. K. B. Lalonde).
Cinque Ports Flying Club (Mr. A. J. S. Morris).
Hampshire Aeroplane Club (Mr. W. J. Nuthall).
Hanworth Club (Miss S. Tilney).
Hull Aero Club (Mr. P. H. Rayner).
Lancashire Aero Club (Mr. A. Jesson).
Leicester Aero Club (Mr. H. C. C. Macleod, Captain J. B. Norton, and Mr. R. J. Barr).
Liverpool and District Aero Club (Mr. L. G. Nelson).
London Aeroplane Club (Mr. R. B. Brock).
Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club (Mr. D. Wilson).
Northamptonshire Aero Club (Mr. Neville Pledger).
Southern Aero Club (Mr. N. P. Ansome).
Yorkshire Aeroplane Club (Mr. C. W. Richardson).

Names of other winners will be published as they are received from the clubs and schools, and we have no doubt that this roll of honour will be a perpetually lengthening one.



THE CINQUE PORTS FLYING CLUB AT LYMPNE

A recently snapshotted group of members and officials of this well-known flying club at Lymington aerodrome, where the club has its head-quarters. In the group, left to right, are: Messrs. C. Rickard, R. Nightingale, K. K. Brown (pilot instructor), A. J. S. Morris (winner of "The Tatler" Scholarship), H. E. Thwaites (hon. treasurer), A. J. Drake (hon. secretary), C. Hossle, Captain L. A. R. Braddell, and Mr. K. Waller.



AT WOODFORD, CHESHIRE: MR. R. F. HALL (Pilot) AND DR. W. R. P. TEMPLETON

With the British Aircraft Constructors' Challenge Cup which they collected in the race from Heston to Bristol. Both these gentlemen are members of the Lancashire Aero Club, and this picture was taken at the club's H.Q. at Woodford.

TROUBLE AT THE GATE . . .



CAPTAIN H. ALLISON (THE STARTER) SAVAGED BY "THE TOUT"

Captain Allison is the famous starter to the Jockey Club and the grey three-year-old belonging to Mr. J. B. Joel which won a race at Newmarket as the St. Ida colt, has now been named "The Tout." Captain Allison is of course famous for the Happy Dispatch Act!



BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.



IN A CLASS BY ITSELF



AT THE BROCKENHURST PARK FANCY BALL LAST WEEK

Lady Kathleen Hare and her son, Mr. John Morant, arranged this most amusing party during the Brockenhurst Week, and here are a few of the intriguing costumes. Lady Kathleen Hare is an aunt of Lord Harrington, and Mr. Morant is her son by her first marriage. The names in this group, left to right, are: Mr. H. Harboard, Miss Crumpton, Mr. James Brittain, Mr. John Morant, Mr. Peter Christian-Smith, Miss Margaret Brunner, Lady Katherine Manley, Miss Daphne Kemp-Welch, Lady Kathleen Hare, Miss Auriol Harboard, Mrs. Kemp-Welch, and Miss Strutt



THE CUMBERLAND CUP AND COUPE DE FRANCE. RYDE

H. M. TILL

In this group are Sir Ralph Gore, who steered Mr. R. B. Worth's "Severn" in the race for the International Cumberland Cup, sailed under the Royal Thames Y.C. auspices, in which this year the challenger was the French yacht, "L'Aile VII," owned by Madame Heriot, who was aboard her during the race. This group was taken on Ryde Pier after the race, and the names, left to right, are: Mr. B. T. Rumble (Royal Thames Flag Officer), Major H. R. Crailsham (secretary of the Royal Thames), Major D. Niven (sailing in "Severn"), Captain Jean Estienne, Sir Ralph Gore, Bart., Captain G. Le Blévec, Mr. Brian Gore, and Mr. H. C. Willis (also sailing in "Severn"). Mr. Howard Aykroyd's and Miss Joan Oldfield's engagement was announced recently. He is the son of Sir Frederic Aykroyd of Birstwith Hall, near Harrogate, and Miss Oldfield is very well known with the Bramham Moor Hounds



ENGAGED: MR. HOWARD AYKROYD AND MISS JOAN OLDFIELD

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER, I feel so sorry for the poo' blacks at the Colonial Exhibition. The unfortunate creatures are green with cold. When they are parked in their little spit and plaster huts (where, like the famous young gal of Calcutta, their odour is too utterly utter to utter!) they manage to keep warm, but when a ray of sunshine calls them out into the open, "as per contract," they seem to find our northern summer breezes very disheartening. Heaven knows I felt great sympathy for them the other evening. Gala night at Bagdad; the restaurant on the island in the midst of the *lac Daumesnil*, where, judging by the price of the demned total on the bill, the very toothpicks ought to be of gold. Funny how people seem to get a kick out of spending a lot of money on food . . . especially when the other fellow pays. I admit I'm somewhat that way myself. I does like things nice I does, and at Bagdad things sartinly is! To return to my tender feelings for the poo' black, however . . . I sympathized with them because I also was very cold. Gala nights mean gala dress, and gala dress—even after the Grand Prix—means that one's corsage ends almost before it starts. Beastly draughty. Specially on an island, and so tantalizing as it is to have such yards of draperies round one's lower limbs with not one little wisp of chiffong for one's poor, bare vertebrae.

In the old days the really-truly Parisian simply dared not show himself in Paris after the Grand Prix! Now nobody cares for these unwritten laws; one goes away when one jolly well

feels like it (and if this weather continues who will?). There was almost too great a crowd to see Who was Which the other evening, though at the table next to ours M. Albert Sarraut was giving a party. It was a reg'lar cocktail (we call cocktails "mixtures" in this city!). There were the Philippe Berthelots (of course), M. and Madame Paul Guillaume, Marie Laurencin—looking almost as naïve as one of her own drawings—and Paul Poirer amongst others. He has opened a new shop, but as he has no longer the right to dress-make under his own name (it seems he sold the name with the business) he calls the new place by its telephone number: Passy . . . ten er—something! I never was good at arithmetic.

Most of his models are trouserish; decidedly divided in cut. But then, if I remember

rightly, surely it was P.P. who tried to put us into trahses before the War . . . and Oriental ones at that. We resisted bravely, and some of us even went to the unseemly length of mobbing two unfortunate mannequins who appeared at Long-champs in harem bags. Perhaps it was not the bags we objected to so much—for we have since adopted them with a vengeance—as the harem tendency that revolted our sense of fitness! Yes . . . but of course that was before the War. Perhaps some of the million surplus would be less snooty about a snug, cosy little harem nowadays, on the principle that half a loaf . . .! Quite! But to return to the party from which I have strayed. . . . I loved the fireworks on the lake . . . that we could see through the windows as we dined. . . . Anything suggestive of fire was warmly welcome. You know it really was clever of Them (whoever They may be) to have built the Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes. The wood, the lake . . . it all forms a wonderful background for the very lovely buildings that have been erected.

In my old age I am acquiring very simple tastes. I find that of all the magnificent exhibits that abound it is the reproduction of George Washington's house at Mount Vernon that delights me most. I love its chaste primness, its sedate four-poster beds, the lovely lines of the old furniture, the brass toasting-forks, and the very candle brackets on the walls. The patterned "crazy-work" quilts are poems of patience. I can imagine the prunes and prisms little ladies who sewed them and never, never swore when they pricked their fingers, or the silk puckered and wouldn't lie straight; though, maybe, that never happened to them since, in those days, girls could *really* sew, and to be clumsy with one's needle was as unpardonable a sin as being awkward with the shaker!

But I have again wandered away from Bagdad . . . and this time much too far to return! I prefer to remain at Mount Vernon and rest in one of those comfortable American "rockers" that are to be found on the veranda, while from the Hawaiian section across the way comes the sensuous wail of the ukelele.

Having retrieved a warm wrap I feel snug and cosy (if only I could provide the poor nigs with a coat a-piece, I should be perfectly happy), and I could remain here all night (those four-poster beds are simply crying to be used) with the greatest of pleasure.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



Mlle MOUSSIA

Rudolph, Paris

A charming young French actress playing in the big musical success at the Bouffes Parisiens. In private life Mlle Moussia is the Marquise de Breteuil. She is by way of being a blue-stocking—a case of brains, beauty, and birth by marriage



Angelo, Paris

A SISTER TO ASSIST HER!

Miss Rosie Dolly, photographed at lunch-time in her hotel at Nice, wearing a pair of so-called "noon-pyjamas" created by her sister, Miss Jenny Dolly, who is now one of the most fashionable modistes in Paris

WHAT A VAMP LOOKS LIKE!



MISS MYRNA LOY IN "A YANKEE AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

Myrna Loy is rated the film's most perfect vamp, and is here seen doing a basilisk act with the two quick-firers that vamps know how to bring into action with such devastating effect. Her latest success is something less exhausting and dangerous than vamping, namely, Will Rodgers' leading lady in "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court," a slightly transposed title from the stage one. It was on at the Regal Cinema in London more or less recently. Myrna Loy was originally a stage dancer, and was also a much-sought-after model, and eventually was claimed by the movies, who recognized in her a super-siren. She has auburn hair and green eyes.

ECLIPSE DAY AT SANDOWN

SIR RICHARD SYKES AND
LADY DOROTHY LYGONLADY NUNBURNHOLME, CAPTAIN KELLETT,
AND LADY VICTORIA DOREEN SCOTTLIEUT.-COLONEL O. C. AND MRS. CLARE
IN THE PADDOCKMISS P. BEVAN AND THE
HON. MRS. BEVANTHE HON. ESMÉ GLYN, LORD STANLEY, LADY WEYMOUTH, LORD AND LADY
STAVORDALE, AND LORD WEYMOUTH

Eclipse day at Sandown was not as wet as an Ascot can be, but it was definitely moist as these pictures demonstrate. There was plenty of excitement, however, the leading item being Lord Derby's win in the big race with Caerleon, who has been so "difficult" that they had almost despaired of him. He is frankly dishonest and only ready to have a go when he feels like it. Eclipse day caught him in the mood, and he won as if he were a real Cœur de Lion. An inquiry, of course, had to be, but equally, of course, the stewards knew all the facts even before they were stated. The stable was as much surprised as anyone, and the horse carried no money to speak of. Lord Stanley, Lord Derby's son, is in the group with the Hon. Esmé Glyn, a daughter of Lord and Lady Wolverton, Lord and Lady Stavordale, Lord Ilchester's son and daughter-in-law, and Lord and Lady Weymouth, who are the Marquess of Bath's. Lieut.-Colonel O. C. Clare won the Surbiton Handicap with Devonie, her first time out this year, and he has recently bought the three-year-old Macduff for 7,000 guineas. Lady Doreen Scott, who is with Lady Nunburnholme and Captain Kellett, was Lady Doreen Haig. Sir Richard Sykes is the new Joint Master of the Middleton East. The Hon. Mrs. Bevan, who is with her daughter, is a daughter of Lord Grantley

IRISH, CANADIAN, AND LONDON HAPPENINGS



Pooler, Dublin
CAPTAIN AND MRS. T. J. ARNOTT
AT VICE-REGAL LODGE FOR
THE ANNUAL GARDEN PARTY



TENNIS IN OTTAWA: In front—MISS McMULLEN, MISS MARY GRIFFIN, MISS MARGOT DREYFUS, LORD DUNCANNON, MISS YVONNE DREYFUS, AND MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY. Standing behind—MR. ROBERT DREYFUS AND MR. JAMES McMULLEN



AT THE ECLIPSE BALL: MR. J. A. DEWAR
(CAMERONIAN'S OWNER) WITH MRS. McNEILL



Swaabe
BEATEN BY INCHES:
THE HON. CAROLINE
THYNNE



"COME ON, STEVE": LADY CHESHAM AND LADY ROSEBERY GREET DONOGHUE AT THE ECLIPSE BALL

Rain did its best to ruin the recent garden party given by the Governor-General of the Irish Free State and Mrs. McNeill, but there were a few fine intervals, during which the camera was busy. Captain Arnott, Sir John Arnott's popular youngest son, has lately come on leave from Risalpur on the North-west Frontier, where his regiment, the 15/19th Hussars, is stationed. Since his arrival in Ireland, he has been playing a lot of polo at the All-Ireland Club's grounds in Phoenix Park. Mrs. Arnott was formerly Miss Crompton-Roberts. Lord Duncannon is the only son of H.E. Lord Bessborough, who succeeded Lord Willington as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada in February. The tennis group was taken at Major-General McRae's home in Ottawa. The Eclipse Ball at Dorchester House was very good fun, and raised a nice sum for the Royal Veterinary College. Lady Chesham was chairman of the committee, and many other noted racing people were present, including Cameronian's owner and Steve Donoghue. A new version of the Eclipse Stakes was run during the evening, and proved most popular. Lord and Lady Weymouth's little daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne, is busy growing up, but still finds bell-ringing rather a problem

THE PASSING SHOWS



"Inquest!" at the
Windmill Theatre,
and "The
Crime at Blossoms"
at
the Playhouse

A CAT-AND-DOG AFFAIR

The duel between the officious coroner (Mr. Herbert Lomas) and the defiant wife (Miss Mary Glynne), who is strongly suspected of filling her husband with arsenic and then shooting him

"Inquest!"

THERE can be few more inviting places in which to play the rôle of non-combatant detective than the little Windmill Theatre, which is as spick and span as a new pin and as intimate as one's favourite armchair. *Inquest!* by Michael Barringer, is the opening venture.

The prelude introduces us, in a country inn, to the problem which for three acts is to be unfolded in the coroner's court. The axiom that any play will succeed on a court scene hardly applies to this one, for the court is a village schoolroom, an unromantic spot if ever there was one, and here the whole action, or rather talk, passes. It is a feather in the author's cap that the monotony of the setting and the sedentary nature of the proceedings are negligible brakes on the wheel of suspense. One way of clearing up a stage murder is the film dodge of the "cut-back." Mr. Barringer might have switched us back twelve months and showed us exactly how Miss Mary Glynne *did* manage to carry a dead man, cram full of arsenic, paralysed from the waist downwards and with a fatal bullet in his ribs, single-handed up those precipitous stairs. The method preferred is a straightforward narrative which unfolds itself with the cumulative detail of a Conan Doyle detective story.

Who murdered the elderly invalid husband? We reject Mr. Alan Buckland, who as a pleasant, unaffected lover seems above guile. Miss Glynne, herself, is the butterfly on the wheel, and yet despite her refusal to give the eminent K.C. her confidence, despite every lie and evasion which blacken the case against herself, we cannot impute murder most foul to a widow so fair. Miss Hilda Trevelyan, pathetically moving in jetty black, is a more likely candidate for the detective's handcuffs. What about the Scotch doctor (Mr. Alec G. Hunter) who certified valvular disease of the heart



TOM TIT

SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE

The K.C. (Mr. Campbell Gullan), deprived of the confidence of his client for very good reasons, acts as his own detective and solves the murder-mystery



TOM TIT

A MOTHER-IN-LAW ON THE RACK

Miss Hilda Trevelyan as one of the strong silent women whose part in the tragedy comes as a last-minute surprise

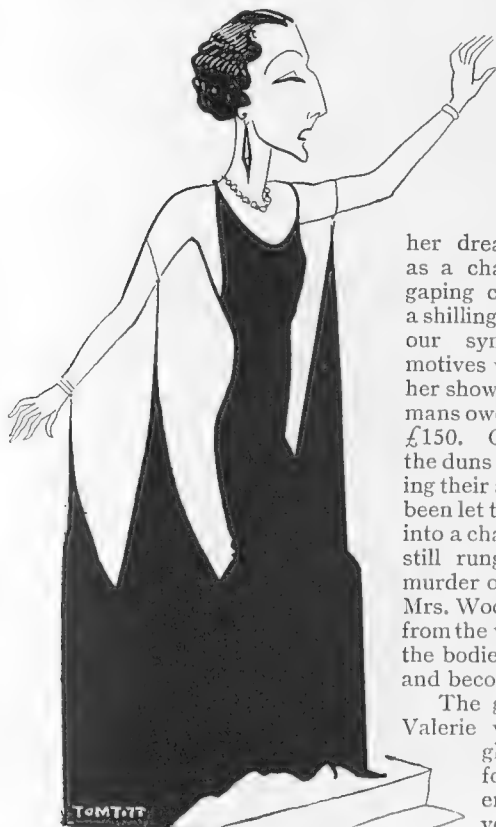


"ALONE I DID IT"

Mr. Ivor Barnard drops into the third act and reveals the truth about "The Crime at Blossoms"

"The Crime at Blossoms."

Mr. Mordaunt Shairp—a *nom de plume* which does not belie its owner's eagle eye for the weak spots in human nature—was inspired to write *The Crime at Blossoms*, one



DRAMATIZING THE CRIME

The Chatelaine of "Blossoms" (Miss Joyce Bland) thrills the parties of charabanc trippers with a lurid but inaccurate recital of the crime

as the cause of death? He did so (without seeing the body) on the report of the locum tenens, who had since emigrated to New Zealand. Something, possibly, of suspicion in that. Yet, if we believe Miss Glynne bought the arsenic for the weeds in her garden and not for her weed of a husband, how did the Home Office account for arsenic in the corpse?

If any fellow-member of the audience guessed the riddle which Mr. Campbell Gullan, K.C., so astutely pieced together and revealed to the surprise of rustic jury, newspaper reporters, Scotland Yard, and, most of all, the coroner himself (Mr. Herbert Lomas), I raise my hat to a being of vastly superior intellect to my own. Into further details I will not go for obvious reasons. To the court I urge my readers to repair and there sift the evidence for themselves. They will, I guarantee, extend a warm and sympathetic hand to Miss Glynne, so charmingly and convincingly distraught; shed a tear for gentle Miss Hilda Trevelyan in her distress; note how cleverly Mr. Herbert Lomas plays the chameleon with the prejudiced, officious coroner, the whole character-study rich in byplay and observation; appraise Mr. Campbell Gullan's handling of the case as a first-rate performance; observe how skilfully the producer (Mr. Gullan) has backed up the author in little details of comic relief and local colour; and agree that the smaller parts are all well cast and well played.

* * *

It was bad taste of Valerie Merryman, married to a prevaricating happy-go-lucky slacker, to capitalize

her dream-cottage in Sussex as a chamber of horrors for gaping charabanc trippers at a shilling a head. But she has our sympathy because her motives were as admirable as her showmanship. The Merrymans owed the local tradesmen £150. On their return home the duns began to arrive. During their absence Blossoms had been let to strangers and turned into a charnel house. The land still rung with the unsolved murder of a man and a woman. Mrs. Woodman, the daily help from the village, had discovered the bodies in the garden-room and become a celebrity.

The great idea dawned on Valerie when an unsnubable ghoul, seeking copy for a book, forced an entry, demanded souvenirs, and left a pound note for Mrs. Woodman. While her husband golfed, gardened, and dallied with a dozen chickens, Valerie bought revolving stands and filled them with picture

postcards. As one charabanc party followed another the ritual developed into an elaborate side-show. There were Blossoms rock, Blossoms broad-sheets, the dead woman's favourite gramophone records at three shillings each, her pen at half-a-crown (bought from the village shop at 7½d. a dozen), and so on. But the star-turn was Valerie herself, draped in becoming purple, parting the curtains of the death-room and standing on the crimson steps (Mrs. Woodman touched up the bloodstains each morning with red paint) looking like the Tragic Muse.

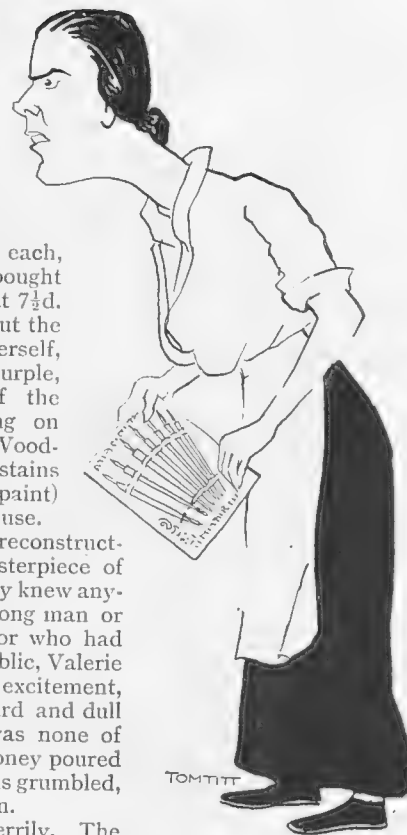
Valerie's monologue reconstructing the crime was a masterpiece of fertile invention. Nobody knew anything about the large strong man or the small weak woman or who had murdered them. The public, Valerie argued, wanted romance, excitement, and thrill. Truth was hard and dull and cold. Her story was none of these things, and the money poured in—£60, £70 a week. Chris grumbled, the vicar protested in vain.

Act 2 rattled along merrily. The motley charabanc-ites are overdrawn, but exaggeration of character-types is necessary to create the atmosphere of middle-class gullibility. In Act 3 comedy changes suddenly to tragedy, and the practical joke ends in pity and terror. A shadow darkens the window of the garden-room, and the Late Visitor who has outstayed the noisy crowd unburdens his soul. Valerie's garbled version of the crime has brought him back to Blossoms to tell the truth about the woman he loved and the man he hated.

This act does not entirely succeed on balance. Chris complained that the atmosphere of the house was gradually changing for the worse. If something sinister and uncanny was to be sensed the change was insufficiently 'projected'. There was none of that creepy suspense which Barrie suggested in "Shall we join the Ladies?" Nor, I thought, was Valerie's metamorphosis sufficiently elaborated to bring home the fact that the charade had become a sort of mental cocktail, a vital spark of drama in her own humdrum life.

Mr. H. O. Nicholson's silver-haired parson is suavely authentic; Miss Margery Phipps-Walker presents the village help with an unstaged naturalism which improves on acquaintance; Mr. W. Hyde White for a few fleeting moments is vastly diverting as a crushed husband; Mr. Ivor Barnard dispenses his own particular brand of under-dog pathos with mountain-moving effect; Mr. Colin Clive skilfully makes another of his human documents of the dilettante Chris; and Miss Joyce Bland scores a personal hit by adding the quickening touches of bravura and emotion to Valerie's natural charm and humour. *The Crime at Blossoms* is excellent entertainment; a welcome sting of drama lurks in its ingeniously twisted tail.

"TRINCULO."



SEVENPENCE HA'PENNY A DOZEN

Mrs. Woodman (Miss Margery Phipps-Walker) selling souvenirs—the actual pen used by the murdered woman—at half-a-crown apiece



THE PROTESTING HUSBAND

Chris (Mr. Colin Clive) wouldn't work, so his wife turned "Blossoms" into a chamber of horrors and a paying proposition

A Home from Home in Bucks



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN HEATHERDEN CLUB AT IVER



LORD PORTARLINGTON, M. KACOS KYRISTIDES, H.E. M. CACLAMANOS, H.E. M. A. ROMANOS, AND M. COSTAS KYRIAKIDES



MISS PATRICIA GRANT-MORDEN, DR. CREIGHTON, ADMIRAL MARK KERR, AND THE MARQUISE VIVIAN DE CHATEAUBRUM



THE EARL OF DUMFRIES, CAPTAIN McCLINTON, CAPTAIN HOWARD LANGTON, MISS MACRAE, LADY JEAN BERTIE, AND MRS. HOWARD LANGTON



LORD DUMFRIES FOR THE HIGH DIVE

PERSONALITIES AT THE HEATHERDEN CLUB

This new club de luxe at Iver Heath is designed as a home from home for anyone who may feel that way, and is principally an Anglo-American organization. The beautiful house used to belong to Lieut.-Colonel Grant-Morden, the member for Bucks, and is one of the most charming places in the county, and as fitted up as a club the very last word. Membership of the Heatherden includes membership of various adjacent golf courses, including Stoke Poges. The swimming bath, in which are seen Lord Dumfries, the Marquess of Bute's son, and Miss Chapman, A. P. F.'s sister, is a very super one. M. Caclamanos, who is in the group with Lord Portarlington and M. Romanos, is the Greek Ambassador to London. M. Romanos is a Greek senator and former Ambassador to London. Admiral Mark Kerr, who retired in 1922, had the Adriatic Squadron during the War



MISS CHAPMAN ON A SEA-HORSE



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE—THE MOTORIST'S

By Patrick Bellew



CUTTING

By Frank H.

The schooner *Westward* and her daring owner, Mr. T. B. Davis, are well known at Cowes, and many people will recall the breathless incident depicted above. To make her objective on the occasion in question *Westward* stood right in-shore under conditions which ordinarily would have necessitated a tack. The water was full of craft of all sorts, anchored off the Squadron Club House, and had any of these prevented the big yacht from going about at the critical moment there was imminent danger of hitting a rocky bottom. An eye-witness on board describes the incident as follows: "Having a shrewd notion of what



IT FINE

Mason, R.I.

would happen if anything went wrong, I crawled up the deck as near to the skipper at the wheel as I could go, so as to be out of the road. I suppose we were going about 11 to 13 knots with a strong westerly wind. The skipper shouted more than once that we were getting too close, but it was not until the very last moment, when everyone thought we were for the beach, that the owner waved 'lee-o,' and round she came on the other tack, making a big luff to clear various anchored craft. It was amusing to see these latter slacking away cable or heaving in, in the evident conviction that they were 'for it.'



"HIS OLD SHIP" by A. D. Mc CORMICK, R.I.



*Player's
Please*



SPAIN'S LADY TENNIS CHAMPION



THE SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ

The three latest portraits of Spain's most attractive lady lawn-tennis champion. The Señorita on her past brilliant form was expected to go much further than actually she did in this year's Championships at Wimbledon. In the second round she met and beat Mrs. R. Lycett 2-6, 6-1, 6-2, the Señorita introducing a new fashion to Wimbledon, a divided skirt with a longish overdress, which gave an apron effect, and on her left leg she wore a red sock. In the third round the Señorita was beaten 6-3, 6-3 by "our" Miss D. E. Round, who was eventually put out in the fifth round by Fräulein Krahwinkel, one of the German finalists, Fräulein Aussem, the eventual winner, being the other. The Señorita de Alvarez has been in the final at Wimbledon three times, once against Mrs. L. A. Godfree, and twice against Mrs. (Helen Wills) Moody



Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street

LAST WEEK AT LEICESTER



LORD KILMOREY AND MRS. JAMES BAIRD

MRS. GEORGE DRUMMOND
AND MR. ATTY PERSSE

COLONEL AND THE HON. MRS. BASIL HANBURY

MR. GEORGE DRUMMOND WITH
COLONEL AND MRS. MUIR

MISS BRASSEY AND MR. MILBANKE

CAPTAIN BOYD-ROCHFORD, LADY BLANDFORD,
AND LORD ADARE IN CONSULTATION

Not too bad weather favoured the opening day of the Leicester meeting, though mackintoshes occasionally came in useful. The racing, without being of outstanding importance, was well worth watching, and those people who had backed Mr. W. M. G. Singer's Lionel for the 'Prince of Wales' Handicap were well satisfied with the starting price, 7 to 1. Mrs. George Drummond's Fourloom ran fourth in the Weston Selling Plate, and Padishah, trained for Major McCalmont by Atty Persse, who is such a wizard in the education of two-year-olds, started hot favourite for the Worksop Manor Foal Plate, but was beaten into third place. This event was won by Lord Willoughby de Broke's Huelva, with Vieste, owned by Lady Blandford, second. Captain Boyd-Rochfort trains for Lady Blandford, his many other patrons including Mr. Marshall Field, Lady Zia Wernher, and Mr. J. H. Whitney. Lord Kilmorey, whose name is pronounced Kilmurry, married Lord Huntingdon's second daughter and lives in Co. Down. Everybody in Leicestershire knows Mrs. James Baird, while Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury are Warwickshire personalities and live at Kineton

*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON

This particularly charming portrait of Lord Abingdon's wife is quite a new one. Formerly Miss Elizabeth Stuart-Wortley, Lady Abingdon was married in 1928, the same year that her husband succeeded as 8th Earl. Her father, Major-General the Hon. Edward Stuart-Wortley, used to be in the K.R.R.C., and commanded the 65th Division during the European War. His Hampshire home is Highcliffe Castle. Lord Abingdon, whose family name is spelt Bertie, and pronounced Barty, has a curious hereditary appointment, that of being a Family Trustee to the British Museum. His great-great-grandfather was cup-bearer at the Coronation of King George IV



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Hal Linden

The famous actress has just returned from America, where she has been giving her talks on "Beautiful Speech and the Art of Acting" with very remarkable success. In the intervals she played the mother in Ibsen's "Ghosts" both in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mrs. Patrick Campbell also played in the picture, "The Dancers" in Hollywood.

THE following story is taken from Mr. Coulson Kernahan's book, "Stories of Celebrities," concerning a man who set out one evening to attend a meeting of the Browning Society:

He arrived late, and when he took his seat someone was giving a reading, which the new-comer frequently interrupted by exclaiming "Exquisite!" "Incomparable!" and the like.

"May I ask you, sir," said the reader at last, "not to interrupt?"

"I am sorry," was the reply, "but at a meeting of the Browning Society a member should surely be allowed to express his admiration of the master's works."

"The meeting of the Browning Society," was the answer, "is being held in a hall on the opposite side of the road. This happens to be a meeting of persons interested in Chinese missions, and as a lady present expressed a wish to hear what Chinese sounded like, I was just then reading a passage in that language."

"You have forgotten to wind that clock in the hall, Mary," said the mistress, "the one I told you goes for fourteen days."

"Well, ma'am," replied Mary, who was new, "I haven't made up my mind if I shall stay yet, and I didn't want to do the new girl's work as well as my own."

The teacher was trying to inculcate observation by means of examples on the black-board. After several fruitless attempts, she wrote two lines as follows:

"A chicken has three legs."

"Who done it?"

Then she turned to her class, and said, "Now, Tommy, in each of these sentences there is a mistake. I want you to tell me what they are."

After a long pause, Tommy blurted out, "Please, miss, nobody done it. Gawd done it."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

The batsman was making a dogged stand when things were going badly. At length the opposing fast bowler got him with a ball that just removed the bails. The batsman picked up the bails, replaced them, and, nodding to the umpire approaching the wicket, said: "Jolly windy to-day, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the umpire, "here's your cap. Mind it doesn't blow away as you return to the pavilion."

An Irishman who had been made a magistrate was the recipient of an address and presentation from the residents of the town. After the address had been read the new Justice of the Peace in replying, said:

"So long as I am on the Bench you can rely upon me always tampering with both justice and mercy."

The accused was charged with attempting to steal a watch.

"What were you doing with your hand in the gentleman's pocket?" asked the magistrate.

"I was only trying to find out the time," whined the accused.

"The time is six months," was the reply.

The tramp approached a wealthy-looking business man.

"Spare a copper for a poor man out of work," he begged.

The business man had lunched well and was feeling in a generous mood. "Here you are," he said, putting his hand in his pocket and producing half-a-crown, "call at my office to-morrow and I'll find you some work."

The reply came like a shot, "No, thank you, sir, the half-crown will be enough—I'm not greedy!"

A vicar was visiting one of his parishioners, an old woman afflicted with deafness, who expressed her great regret at not being able to hear his sermons.

Desiring to be sympathetic, he said with unnecessary self-depreciation, "You don't miss much."

"So they tell me!" was the unexpected reply.

The young insurance agent had gone out with a prospective client for a round of golf and could do no better than an approximate 116.

"But you've not been playing anything like your usual game," suggested his opponent.

"Oh, yes," replied the agent, "this is my usual game."

"Well! Bring round that proposal to-morrow morning and I'll sign it. You may be no golfer, but you are at least an honest man!"

The wife was indulging in reminiscences. "How well I remember the cricket match at which you proposed. You were bold that day, weren't you, dear?" she murmured.

"No — caught," he grunted.



MR. AUBREY HITCHINS

Mr. Aubrey Hitchins was one of the great Pavlova's leading men up to the time of her death and has been recently dancing many leading parts with the Russian opera during the Lyceum season.



● Eluding Tan or pursuing it, you may now call on the skill of Elizabeth Arden to keep you exquisite ● For Miss Arden has created special preparations pledged to summer needs ● Keep your cream-gardenia delicacy . . . with Miss Arden's expert aid. Or, be a golden skinned daughter of the sun if you will . . . so long as intelligent care keeps your skin clear and soft, your tan beautifully even, and prevents tiny sun wrinkles that might so easily be the toll of bright mornings on the beach ● Elizabeth Arden's IDEAL SUNBURN OIL has been created especially for sun tan enthusiasts. Light . . . pleasant to apply . . . delicately scented . . . It is an enemy to wrinkles, blisters and burning . . . and assures an even tan. You can apply your make-up over it and so protect your skin all day. It comes in an enchanting café shade, also in a clear honey colour for blondes ● ARDENA PROTECTA CREAM is the perfect safeguard for your skin. This thick velvety preparation gives the skin a soft bloom that is waterproof and will withstand hours of swimming and exposure. If you wish to keep a pink and white complexion, use Protecta Cream faithfully to prevent freckles and sunburn. Incidentally, it is the loveliest of all foundations for evening make-up to give a creamy look to the face, arms and neck. It comes in white, naturelle, rachel and bronze.

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. . . . as you will

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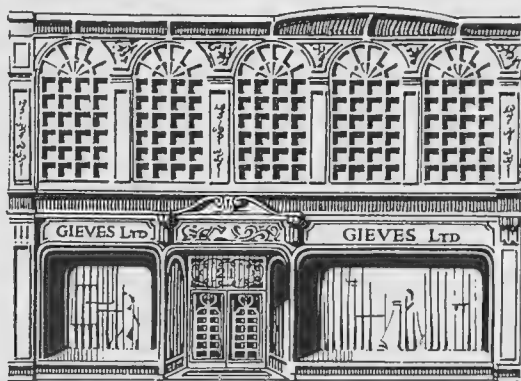
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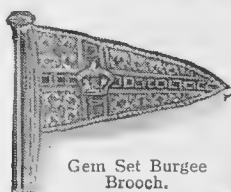
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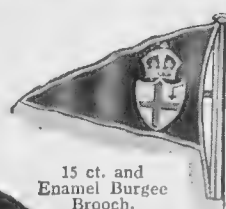


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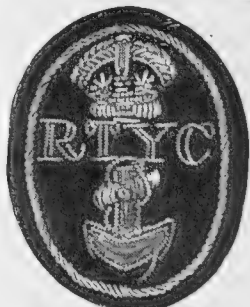
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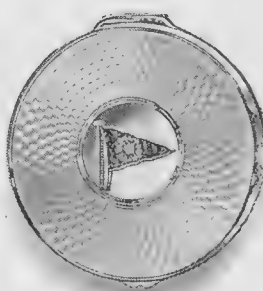
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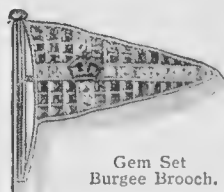
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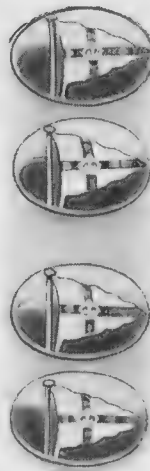
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British Motor
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POLO NOTES : "SERREFILE."

By

"SERREFILE."

THE following interesting letter arrives to me from a correspondent *à propos* the Merchiston team concerning a note on The Hurricanes-Merchiston form in the Championship, in which I said I thought that the ex-

champions' form may have been wrong. I am very pleased to publish it because I think it is a good thing to get other people's views. My correspondent makes out a good case for holding me to be at fault, and I am quite ready to admit that I may be. He writes:

"I have always been very interested in your polo articles—I note in to-day's TATLER you think that form in Champion Cup was wrong—I do not see why. You remember Merchiston beat Hurricanes on the flat in Ranelagh Open Cup when Madlener (handicap 2) played 2½ chukkers out of the 6 and Phipps-Hornby the remainder; he was dressed in flannel trousers and 'chapps' and mounted on ponies he had never seen before, etc.

"The second time was in the Champion Cup, again on the flat. The Hurricanes beat Merchiston once at Roehampton early on and in this Guest Cup tie on the flat. Merchiston played on Traill's handicap in this match and so should have received 5 goals start in 7 chukkers.

"Summing up, that makes 2 wins for Hurricanes and 2 for Merchiston, both Merchiston's wins being in the more important Open Cups and on the flat.

"As I said before I always have and do read your articles with great interest. I should be interested in knowing the average price paid for Hurricanes' ponies—do you know?"

The last thing I had in mind was to suggest that there was anything fluky about the Merchiston win in the Championship, and I do not think my note conveyed that idea. The only reason behind what I said was this: that in the Guest Cup semi-final The Hurricanes, giving 2½, were beaten 7½ to 7, so that, if on that occasion they had started level with Merchiston, on the figures they would have won 7 to 5. There was no doubt that The Hurricanes were a great deal more on their game than they were in the Championship, in which I thought that there was only one man in their team really running up to form, Captain Roark. It was like one man trying to play three, for all the Merchiston team, bar Mr. Traill, were bang on their game. When they moved Mr. Traill and put him back No. 3 from No. 1, it made it a 3½-man team against a

one-man team, and though Mr. Sanford came nearer his right game as the battle progressed, it was a bit too late. In any case in my view Merchiston were a long way too good behind for the holders on Championship Cup day.

Their No. 3 (original), Captain H. N. Scott-Robson, and back, Mr. H. P. Guinness on that day, or almost any other we have seen them this season, were fit to go anywhere and do anything. When they moved Mr. Traill it looked as if they might be taking a risk in upsetting this excellent combination; but it did not do any harm. They had got The Hurricanes set and they knew it.

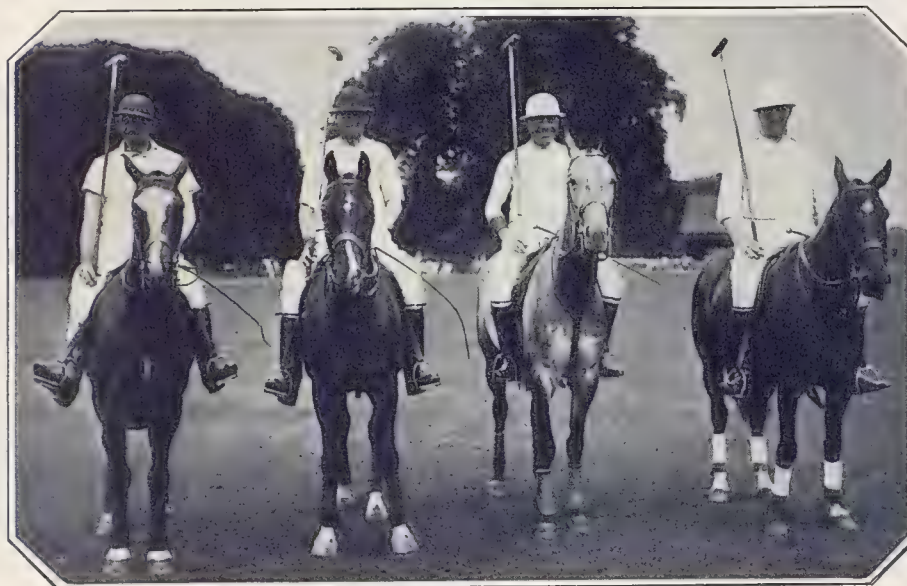
* *

I should like to see a team like this take on the next best they can find in England at the moment. Captain J. F. Sanderson (1), Captain C. T. I. Roark (2), Captain H. N. Scott-Robson (3), and Mr. H. P. Guinness (back).

I would not disturb

this back-end for anything because of what we have seen it do. Captain Sanderson and Captain Roark are not absolute strangers, and I think would be certain to nick well. If this suggested team were collared now and played for as much of this season as is left, and for all next season, I believe that we might find that we had "struck ile."

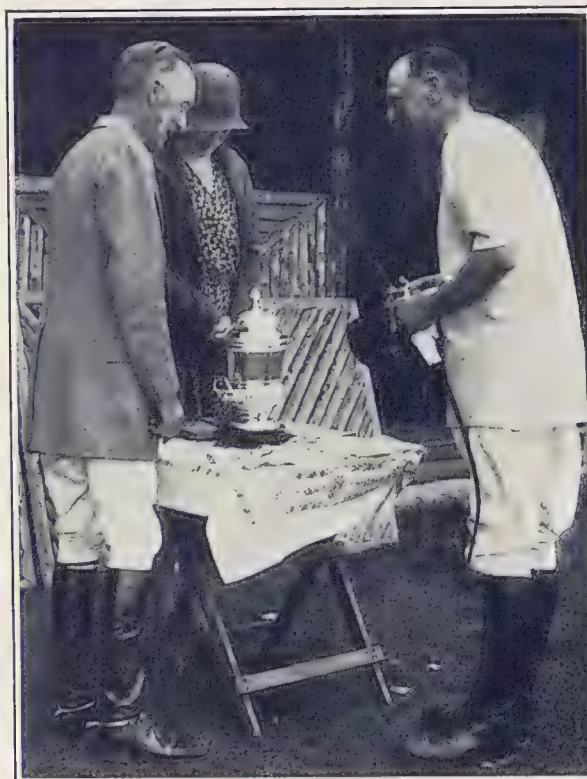
This, of course, is only one man's opinion, but I am convinced that it is a suggestion worth following up. At the time of the Championship I suggested that in Captain Sanderson, Captain Roark, and Mr. Guinness we had three foundation stones for 1933. I am now convinced that it would be quite unwise to divide Captain Scott-Robson and Mr. Guinness. It is always a mistake to disregard any combination like this which discovers itself as this one has done. There is plenty of material available in England at the moment from which to concoct a team which would give the suggested one a gallop, and it would interest the polo-loving public very much indeed to see this done. I think that it is imperative that something like this should be attempted, if only as an aid to our always sorely-tried team-builders. Space is limited this week and so it is not possible to go into the prices paid or the average price of The Hurricanes' ponies on which Mr. Sanford has mounted his team so magnificently, but I should be surprised to learn that the average worked out at anything under four figures. However more anon as to this and Mr. Sanford's impending withdrawal of The Hurricanes from English polo. The team naturally will be badly missed and especially next year when we shall be in need of good trial horses.



GOLDEN FARM WIN AT CIRENCESTER

W. Dennis Moss

The team skippered by Brigadier-General E. Paterson which beat Warren's Gorse in the Warren's Gorse Cup 6 to 4. The names, left to right, are: Mr. M. Rimington, Brigadier-General Paterson, Mr. S. J. Barton, and Major Sir Edward Bowen, who is a great personality in Cirencester polo and with the V.W.H. hounds



W. Dennis Moss

MRS. PATERSON GIVES GENERAL PATERSON THE CUP (left the donor), MR. AUBREY PRICE

A snapshot taken just after the battle at Cirencester which General Paterson's Golden Farm team (above) won 6 to 4, beating Warren's Gorse

Why be vague? Ask for—

Haig



no finer whisky goes into any bottle

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

ABDULLA BALLADS



STRAWBERRY TIME

Jacintha, a maiden both comely and neat,
 Had paused to repose in a leafy retreat
 With a basket of fruit for her Mistress to eat :
 Up rode a fine Gentleman, straight from the Court—
 "For what price, charming Maid, may your berries be bought?"—
 But she blushed and was mute, as her Mother had taught.

"Sweet Strawberry Lass," the fine Gentleman cried,
 "I am weary and parched from so dusty a ride ;
 Why not change for Abdulla the fruit at your side?" . . .
 This Casket contained such a marvellous Spell
 (As a squirrel who peeped from the tree-tops can tell)
 That she gave him a kiss, and the berries as well.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

THIS SUNBURN *by E. V. KNOX.*

"Orgies of sun-bathing which disfigure the beaches of Northern Europe"

THERE is a theory that the ancient Britons valued the sun so much that they used to worship it at Stonehenge, waiting until the bright beam of noonday fell upon a particular monolith. When that happened, they sacrificed a human victim chosen for the purpose, probably a football referee.

I have always doubted the truth of this theory myself, because I do not think that the ancient Britons were patient enough to wait such a long time as that. After a week or two of the ordinary British weather, when they were all blue with cold or soaked to the skin, they would have begun to fidget about in their pews and start going home.

"They can sacrifice their old victim without me, Cassiolaunus; I've had enough of it. I'm going home to cook the mistletoe for tea."

"Very well, darling." And Cassiolaunus would meekly obey.

But whatever the habits of our ancestors may have been with regard to the worship of the sun, they never, I hope, made themselves so positively silly about the sun as we moderns have been doing for the last twenty years or so. The whole sad story will no doubt occupy the puzzled attention of English historians in the years to be. They will trace the origin of sun-mania to the tiresome person who first invented the phrase "a becoming tan," right onwards until they reach at last those frenzied orgies of sun-bathing which disfigure the beaches of Northern Europe and make all its inhabitants vie with each other in the attempt to come out piebald, or brindled, or mottled in various places with tawny spots.

Let me point out, first of all, that the natural reaction to strong sunlight is to get into the shade. This crafty act has been the practice of civilized men for several thousand years.

"The sun is hot," sang the old pastoral poets. "Come, Amaryllis" (or whoever it might be), "let us lie down in the shade of the chestnuts" (or the beech trees, or the firs), "where the branches will cover our heads."

The notion, to put it shortly, was to keep cool. This idea still prevails in all the tropical and semi-tropical regions of the earth, and sensible Englishmen once accepted it also. It proved the making of the straw-hat trade. When it was very cold the Englishman tried to protect himself from the cold by putting on vests, pants, coats, rugs, mufflers, and furs. If it happened to be very hot, he protected himself from the heat by sitting under an awning with a handkerchief over his head and going to

sleep. If he had to do any work, he defended himself against the pernicious beams of the noonday sun by putting on a wideawake, or a beaver, or a sugar-loaf, or a panama. The fact that he suffered more often from cold and less often from heat made the white man white, whereas the opposite climatic conditions made the brown man brown.

Only in the last few years has the great revolution set in, the object of which appears to be to turn all the parts of the white man and the white woman that can possibly be reached by the sun into some shade of mahogany or, if they happen to simmer a little too briskly, puce. "Fear no more the heat of the sun!" sang Shakespeare. Well, by the Lord Harry, we don't. We welter in it. But why so? It is flying in the face of Nature, who no doubt if she had intended England to have had a brown population would have put England where the South Sea islands are. As it is, Nature has given us about a month of sunny days in the course of an ordinary year, together with a few scattered interludes. On all these occasions the skin-broilers, the self-braisers, I say frankly, have begun to make a nuisance of themselves.

Some of them sit and sun-bathe on the roofs of their houses, and I heard only lately of a very unfortunate instance of this. The man's name was Proggins, and he used to climb out, in order to sun-bathe, by means of the bathroom window on to the tiles, taking with him a mackintosh which he cast off as soon as possible, a packet of cigarettes, and a newspaper to read. He went out to do this on one particularly good morning when there happened to be quite a lot of sun in England. It was one of those days when the ancient Britons at Stonehenge would have felt that in spite of all the scepticism there must be a good deal in religion after all, and that the referee would make a very picturesque sacrifice. The sky was blue as far as Proggins could see it, which was as far as the gas-works to the east, and to the roof of the crematorium to the west, and in the middle of all this was the fizzling hot sun, so that Proggins felt he would be able to fry himself very thoroughly indeed.

He read the cricket and the tennis and the golf, and by the time he was half-way through the cross-word puzzle he noticed with satisfaction that bits of him were going a rich, golden brown, like a cutlet or a scone. Then some little, light, fleecy clouds appeared just above the crematorium, and a gusty kind of wind began to blow. This worried Proggins rather because he was just working at the clue, "The little one likes to travel

(Continued overleaf)

This Sunburn—continued

in the front part of this," and had just come to the conclusion that it could be nothing else but "*carpet*," when the wind began to puff the leaves of the newspaper about, making it difficult for him to put the capital letters in without digging holes in the page. He thought he would take shelter behind a chimney, and he was just going to put his mackintosh on and crawl to it when a rather fierce gust blew the mackintosh out of his hand. It fell across the aerial next door, and then out to a laburnum tree, and then into a water butt.

There was a worse trouble than this, however, because the same gust of wind blew the bath-room window shut, and it could only be opened from the inside. And there was even a still worse trouble than that, because the other people in Proggins's house thought that he had gone out for the day and had gone out too; and when he had crawled to the shelter of the chimney he found that from that point he was in view of the street, and there was a policeman standing at the corner.

A man devoid of self-consciousness would have called the attention of the policeman, and asked him to break open the front door with a jemmy. But Proggins was rather a shy, self-conscious man, the more so because the bits of him that were not a golden brown were now azure blue with cold. So he crept back again to the other side of the roof and wrapped himself up as well as he could in his newspaper. He hoped to be able to attract the notice of the neighbour next door, who might be able to help him down. Unfortunately nobody seemed to be in the garden next door except this neighbour's wife, and Proggins felt more averse from calling her attention than from calling the attention of the policeman on the street side. He felt obtrusive and peculiar. One sees parcels of fried fish done a rich golden brown and fastened up in newspaper, but one very seldom sees a fried man on a roof fastened up like that.

He had now no kind of interest in the cross-word puzzle whatsoever, and he had just decided to smash the glass of the bathroom window with his fist when some window-cleaners, who were going to clean the back windows of the house next door, came into the garden with a ladder. This was lucky for Proggins, but not so lucky as it might seem, for he had to crouch down and throw little bits of mortar from a difficult angle at the window-cleaners in order to attract their notice without attracting the notice of his neighbour's wife. It is a far harder thing, Proggins told me afterwards, than the ordinary man would imagine, to hit a window-cleaner lightly and unobtrusively with a bit of mortar when one is lying naked on a roof, and he only succeeded at about the fiftieth attempt.

"Lor' lumme," said one of the window-cleaners at last, "what was that?"

Then he looked up, and Proggins explained in a kind of hoarse whisper the way in which he had been enjoying himself. The sun by this time was completely obscured by a cloud. Proggins was also annoyed, he told me, by the attitude of the window-cleaner, who seemed disposed to be amused.

"Blimey," he said, "if I didn't think you was Santy Claus!" And he appeared to consider that this was a humorous thing to say. However, he very kindly shifted his ladder and lent Proggins an overall, in which Proggins, trying to look as far as possible like a foreman or overseer of window-cleaners, climbed down to earth again. Just as he reached the bottom his neighbour's wife, who had been weeding, turned round and saw him. She laughed a good deal, too. But she lent him some old clothes of her husband's which did not fit him in the least, and he went round to a public library, the only place he could go to having,

of course, no money with him, and sat there for the rest of the day feeling very hungry and doing all the cross-word puzzles he could find. He caught one of the severest colds that he had ever had in his life, and beyond the fact that, as I said before, parts of him were a light tea-cake colour, he really had very little fun.

I merely mention the case of Proggins to show the kind of way in which this craze affects people, for his case is one of a thousand similar cases in England at the present time. I have walked over sandhills by the sea and observed persons of either sex keep frying themselves with the pained expression of religious devotees. They might have been happy sitting under parasols and listening to the band. But there they lay, poor martyrs, for all the world like St. Lawrence on his grid. Now and then one or other would turn over with a groan and offer some new limb, which had not yet been done right through, to the torture. The whole of their energy was consecrated to the acquisition of as many brown streaks as possible, which in about a month of ordinary English weather—say by the middle of October—were certain to fade away.

For a time, of course, all will be well. For several weeks after the summer holidays Mr. Jones or Miss Smith will be able to acquire social prestige by boasting of the extent of their unseen surface which they have blistered or boiled. Mrs.

Thompson's V-shaped insertion of sunburn may be deeper than that of Mrs. Brown. Miss Simpson may really have an enormous wallop of sunburn right down her back. But who cares? Who cares if the very rich, who can patronize Deauville or the Lido where police regulations are laxer, can put on ten inches more of temporary brindle than the middle classes or the poor? And even the wealthiest person, so far as I can make out, using the most exclusive sun-bathing resort, is practically compelled to stay white in spots.

I was taught in my youth that the world consisted of brown men and yellow men and red men and black men and white men, with a corresponding proportion of women in all these striking hues.

The star performers in the world's population were supposed to be the whites. Invigorated by the pure, if rainy, atmosphere of the northern climes, they did the best work and dreamed the noblest dreams and made the most money, leaving the tinted peoples at the mercy of the enervating sun. Why struggle so hard, then, to become copper-tinted, or have a dusky hide?

There are no green people in the world. No people, that is to say, with thoroughly green skins. But I have been thinking out a plan for moon-bathing on moonlight nights which might bring about this remarkable colour effect for those of us who cannot stand being white as Nature intended us to be. Far more romantic than sun-bathing and far less immodest, moon-bathing, I assure you, is not nearly so painful as bathing in the sun, and the delicacy of hue obtainable closely resembles that of the young larch in spring-time or of the Gorgonzola cheese.

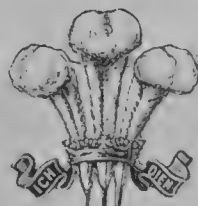
I shall be told—in fact I have been told—by friends to whom I have mentioned these things, that sunlight is beneficial to the health—that sunlight, natural or artificial, is crawling with salubrious vitamins—that people like Proggins and the wallowers in the sandhills are adopting Nature's remedy and seeking Nature's cure. I answer simply that Drake never crawled on the roof of his house wrapped up in a newspaper, that Oliver Cromwell never sat about nude in the sun, and these were strong men who made England what it used to be.

I have said my say and I stick to it. Besides, sun-bathing peels my nose.



"*Oliver Cromwell never sat about nude in the sun!*"

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

What a Chance!

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY has not always figured in my private picture-gallery of statesmen I admire, for once upon a time (if my memory serves me right) he was wont to make inflammatory speeches. And he wears, if he will forgive me for being so rude about it, a demarcation between the rough and the fairway upon his face which,



THE YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN'S XI

The team which was recently engaged in a battle with Captain E. R. F. Compton's XI at his cricket week at Newby Hall, Yorkshire. The names, left to right, are: Standing—R. E. B. Mortimer, C. Forbes-Adam, Captain H. B. Makill, Colonel B. Neame, W. Wormald, E. C. O. Thompson, J. U. Machell; sitting—Captain R. H. D. Bolton, C. E. Anson, Major J. B. Foster, W. E. Harbord, and A. O. Elmhirst

to quote the words of the immortal Prince Florizel of Bohemia, "I have the misfortune to dislike." But on the other side of the account Mr. Lansbury has many important credit items, more, indeed, I think, than any of the previous holders of his important office. Whilst I do not love the colour of the hoarding round his Serpentine Lido (and I hope it is only the first coat), I take huge delight in the quiet but resolute way in which he ticks off the cranks, and (though I am myself denied a draught of beer) I love him because he upholds the principle that English men and women should be given liberty of healthy and sensible enjoyment, with not too much of the fussy grandmother about the business. That tribute having been given unreservedly, let us hope that Mr. Lansbury can be persuaded to take a further step. It is to the lasting dishonour of this country that no motor-race has ever been held on strictly English soil. Now the motor industry presents, I believe, a case worthy of encouragement. It was far and away the first to get back to better than pre-War values, in spite of having to contend with numerous difficulties; but it goes without saying that it has been rather badly hit by general depression. Mr. Lansbury (I understand) has it in his power to make the *beau geste*. And that he could do by permitting the organization of a race (preferably for standard cars) in Richmond Park next year. In this unique demesne an excellently testing and quite spectacular course could be laid out—I doubt if there exists a more ideal *locale* for such an event. Its nearness to London would induce more entries than are likely to be got by races in Ireland and the Isle of Man. And that in itself would be a good start off. Then Richmond Park, being entirely enclosed, is proof against gate-crashers. It would easily hold a million people, and, at say, half-a-dollar a time, with extra for grand-stands, that should produce a net profit quite comparable with the dividends from sweepstakes, which the doctors seem to be so worried about for the moment. The holding of a race in Richmond Park would not hurt the park itself at all; for the litter it involves is easily cleared away in a day or two. Nor could anybody complain that the closing of the park for a whole

Saturday—or (would this were possible!) a whole Sunday—would interfere with traffic upon its legitimate occasions; since the gates are shut quite early every evening and there are plenty of ways round it. And then for side-shows to keep *hoi polloi* in a good temper whilst they are waiting for the fun to start, and after the big thing has finished. The herds of deer having been corralled in ample spaces away from the course there would be several big aerodromes available for the machines of the Royal Air Force, which would (as usual) hold the eye with a series of beautifully executed stunts. I dare say there might be a few trifling objections to the proposition as there are to all such things, but I cannot see anything wrong in the principle. After all, if all the year round large lumps of Richmond Park can be devoted to golf, it cannot be an enormity to apply most of the rest of it for just one day to a motor-race by which the predatory Treasury would benefit not inconsiderably. The real snag is, I fear, judging from recent animadversions, that the motor industry might have some difficulty in agreeing as to what was the best kind of race to be held. But yet, I feel, if they were to show some unanimity as to the main notion, Mr. Lansbury (I have heard him described as a "good old sport") might lend a kindly ear.

Which is Right?

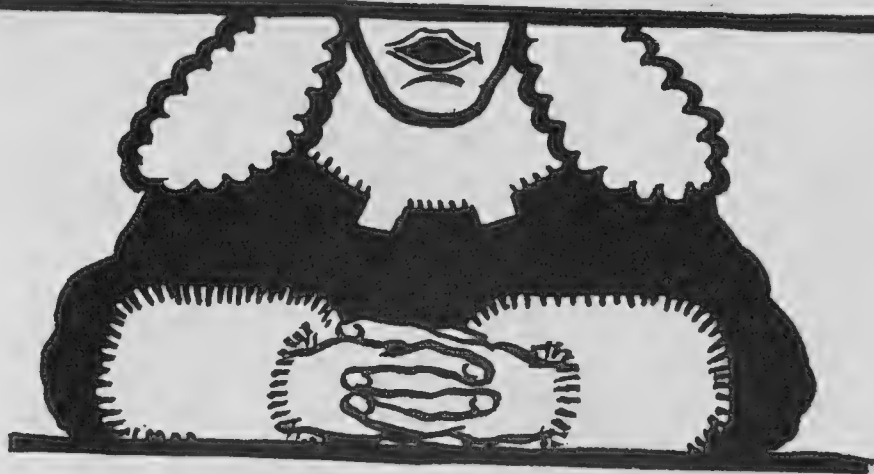
A pal o' mine who has just returned from a longish tour in France mentioned that the two things which had impressed him most (apart from the good cooking at small hotels) were, (1) the absence of swallows, and (2) the fact that drivers with right-hand steering always hugged their proper side of the road, whereas those with left-hand steering did not. And it is, when you come to think of it, rather a singular thing that the older established French car constructing firms still stick to right-hand steering, though some of the newer ones have gone all out for the American method. Anyone who does a fair amount of driving in this country must have noticed that great new highways which could easily take six cars abreast only rarely take as many as four. And this is simply because ninety-five drivers out of a hundred do not keep properly to the left. By reason of their position they imagine their near wheels to be right against the gutter when actually they are two yards away from it. On the Great West Road or any of the big by-passes you can see a hundred instances of this optical error every hour of your life. And I honestly believe that that is the origin of innumerable accidents. Everyone who has driven a left-hand steering car in Britain will have observed the difference for himself. Well, I suppose that now we have had the combination of left-road rule and right-steering it will be hard to get away from it.



CAPTAIN E. R. F. COMPTON'S CRICKET WEEK

A group of the house-party and the XI v. The Yorkshire Gentlemen taken recently at Newby Hall, Yorks. The names, left to right, are: Back—F. Maruner, N. Foxton, R. Betterby, D. Lund, P. Pearson, R. Scorer (umpire), C. Howroyd; seated—Captain M. Sykes, H. F. Bagnall, Captain K. Shennan, Captain E. R. F. Compton, R. H. Thomas, N. Dale (agent and secretary)

COVENTRY



"What is 'Crikey'?"

Counsel: "M'lud, it is the nation's ejaculation of delight at the quick-acceleration qualities of Shell Petrol. What more natural than the cry of 'Crikey'?"

His Lordship: "But that's slang — that was!"

SUMMER SHELL

The petrol that is seasonally blended to suit the prevailing temperature and, by the way, to be up-to-date you must Shellubricate too

Stuart



At Southerndown: The eighteenth green. This delightful Welsh course recently staged a Scratch Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

LET me take firm hold of myself. There are some courses about which I am always apt to grow lyrical, and amongst them is Southerndown. If space permits, the lyrics can follow in a minute, but before them must come some actual news of how Miss Dorothy Pearson and Mr. Zair won the Scratch Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament there. The event has adopted the nickname, "the Welsh Worplesdon," and though nobody has said yet whether this winning pair mean to see if they can add the genuine Surrey variety to the Welsh one, it is quite certain that if they played the sort of golf which was theirs in the Southerndown final they would take a good deal of stopping. One over fours for the fifteen holes, by the end of which they had beaten Mrs. Eric Box and Mr. Lyndon Jones 4 and 3, was good enough for most people and most courses. The second shots, both of Miss Pearson and Mr. Zair, were extraordinarily good. Mr. Lyndon Jones, too, had some fine specimens, but the strength of Miss Pearson as a partner was just the deciding factor. It was all very thrilling, both the ultimate winners' win at the last hole from Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo in their first match, and from Mrs. Dering and Mr. Jacob in the semi-final. But I have to confess that I was not an eye-witness and that I could with much greater pleasure and truth write about Southerndown as I saw it this Spring at the time of the Welsh Championship. May I be allowed to do that?

Some courses there are which seize you by the heart, some by the head, a few fasten on to both portions of your mental anatomy. Of the last species is Southerndown. Now "down" to most people suggests a bare, chalky height like the "bare-backed, blunt-headed like a whale" downs of Sussex by the sea. But the "down" of Southerndown is not such as these. Imagine rather a Cumberland fell, only with a strange dash of genuine seaside character thrown in, bents crowning sandy hillocks and growing whiskers round bunkers which have been made merely by stripping off the turf; long, narrow spines and shorter hogbacks running down the fairways, stances oblique, stances straight, and the rolling, undulating stances which puzzle the inlander and delight the seaside golfers; all this perched a couple of hundred feet above sea level, one of the freaks of nature like the seaside qualities of Ganton ten miles from the coast.

Such turf as it is at Southerndown! Whether the club even possess a mowing-machine other than the small article necessary for the greens I do not know. One rather fancies that the sheep are the

only, as they are certainly the best, mowing-machine and that the beautiful crisp turf has never known the indignity of steel blades. As for the greens, you hesitate to say how good they are lest one should be accused of exaggeration. They would appear not only to have been hand-weeded but searched with a microscope lest any weedling should dare to push its impious head through the close carpet of the right and proper grass.

You will find here no problems given you by bad lies or untrue greens, only legitimate problems of how to combat wind and slope, and the natural disinclination of some balls to go where the striker wishes. Wind, of course, is one of the big factors at Southerndown. It may come tearing in all the way from the Atlantic with nothing between you and America except Lundy, whose one eye winks at you as you wend your way home from the course at sundown. That is the prevailing wind and the right one for the course, making it a man's job to get up the hill at the first, blowing across you at every short hole except the 7th, making it hard to stand, let



The Glamorgan team which played in the recent county finals. At back: Mrs. J. Duncan, Miss Richards, Mrs. N. Isaac (reserve), Mrs. J. Barton, and Miss Gethin Griffith. Sitting—Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, Mrs. Pyeman (captain), Mrs. W. H. Ricardo, and Mrs. R. Phillips

alone to hit the shots as you intend. On first acquaintance you wonder whether the inhabitants of Southerndown or their green-keeping implements are troglodytes who take refuge in strange cavern-like excavations compounded of sleepers and turf so thick that gorse finds footing on its slopes. Later reflection shows you that these are the only possible kind of shelters strong enough to resist the wind. Every turf tells a story.

If the winter wind blows harder it would seem that the summer wind may be more wicked, for in summer bracken flanks some of the fairways, and bracken has a method all its own, not only for hiding your ball, but for curling itself round the club which seeks to extract the ball from those tenacious depths. In autumn bracken must be one of the glories of the place, but golfers are not always appreciative of such glories, yet she would be blind indeed who could stand upon the first tee at Southerndown on a sunny morning and not feel that eyes have other uses besides looking at a little white ball. In the week when the Welsh Championship was played at Southerndown the larches had just donned their tenderest green, so had the birch trees, their jade mingling with the indigo of the pine trees, contrasting with the blaze of gorse near at hand. It was enough to make you catch your breath with a gasp of delight. Down below in the valley wound the black waters of the little River Ogmore, so still that it bore on its placid face the reflection of the poplars which stand with their feet in the welter of sand hills stretching away towards Porthcawl. Amazing sand hills, those, comparable in size and height only to those which run between Boulogne and Étapes.

THIS YEAR:
October 10—Great Britain v.
France

NEXT YEAR:
March 16—Roehampton Gold
Cup Open Meeting

**‘What—me take up
flying at MY age?’**

**‘Well, why not?
Two of my best pilots
are over sixty!’**

SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY

Flying is no longer just a young man's game. Nowadays men — and women — of all ages are learning to fly light aeroplanes. Here at Hanworth you will find people no younger — and no richer — than yourself climbing into the cockpit of our machines and taking off as calmly as you get into a bus. All the time they were being taught, the Instructor's presence in front of them — ready to take over full control at the first sign of difficulty — has been giving them confidence as well as actual tuition. And now they are taking flying almost for granted. One pilot is off to Reading for lunch. Another — a mere speck 10,000 feet up — is revelling in the sight of the whole south-east corner of England laid out below. And a third will be playing golf in Hampshire half-an-hour from now. Come along to Hanworth and see all this for yourself. Ask Captain Findlay to show



NFS

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how inexpensive, how fascinating
flying becomes when you have the
help of National Flying Services.**

you our training school, and the well-equipped hangars and workshops where we maintain all our machines at concert pitch. Learn all about the five NFS air-parks in the provinces — definite places for you to fly to whenever you want to go further afield. Or drop a line asking for full particulars, either to headquarters or to the London Office, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square.

① NFS Headquarters: The Grange, The London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex. Clubs and Air Parks at Blackpool, Hull, Leeds, Nottingham and Reading.
② The Air Park at Hanworth is 12 miles from London, just off the Great West Road. Many buses and trains. 'Phone: Feltham 236. London Office: Ger. 9316.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Paris has sent these hats to London. They show that the bowler is extremely wearable and that it may assume smart guises, the brim intriguingly arranged to reveal a cluster of curls on one side. A charming version of the marquise model is also portrayed, a single quill is its sole adornment. Superb paradise plumes to match the hat are endeavouring to arouse admiration



A study in contrasts is the modernized felt bowler just below from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., and the felt marquise on the left from Jay's, Regent St. It is hats like these that the smart woman will wear this autumn

Uncurled jade-green ostrich feathers introduce the modish feminine note in the felt bowler above. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.



The small hat will be a success this autumn; the *raison d'être* of this is easily explained, it looks so smart rising from the richness of an enormous fur collar. The bowler has been completely metamorphosized and bears little resemblance to its prototype; indeed its fate has been like that of the *béret*, and it is believed that its life will be as long. The boater is worn at one side of the head and has to be held in position with a lattice work of ribbons; indeed the impression given is that one half of the hat is of felt or straw and the other of ribbon. A development of this is the plate model; it is quite flat, there is no line of demarcation between the crown and the brim. It is worn at one side of the head, leaving half of it uncovered, and has to be held in position with ribbons

Pictures by Blake

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Full-pleated, made to measure, in large range of CLAN and FAMILY TARTANS.

FROM £4 : 10

When not exceeding 25" in length.

Jumpers in Bottle Green with colours on Collar to blend with Tartan, in Bust sizes:—

24"	26"	28"	36"	38"
14/6	15/6	16/6	32/6	32/6

Patterns and measurement form sent on request. Remittance or trade reference with first order.



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CLIMATE: Forres is the Scottish Riviera. FISHING: on the famous FINDHORN. GOLF: fine 18-hole course. TENNIS: Hotel's private court. MOTORING: wonderful roads. WALKS: the most exquisite river scenery in Scotland.

★ THE HOTEL: First-class cooking, fresh fruit and vegetables from Hotel garden. Fine cellar. Comfortable bedrooms and—COURTESY.

Illustrated Brochure with Pleasure

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Forres Morayshire

Proprietresses: M. & L. MacIntyre

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All "Bradley" Furs are now marked at SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES—and we cannot give better advice to intending purchasers of fine quality Furs than "Buy Now." New Models for the coming Autumn may be seen in our Salons.

May we give you an estimate for the Re-modelling or Renovation of your own Furs?

A Charming Wrap Stole in pure White Russian Ermine, trimmed with natural tails and lined Velvet. 67 Gns.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^{LD}
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Coat Frock.

An air of mystery prevails in the world of dress, and although many of the secrets are still carefully guarded the curtain has to a certain extent been lifted. The waspish waist, with its complement of tight-lacing, is not a matter for serious consideration, neither is the wired bustle of our grandmothers' days. Soft draperies may be present at the back of the skirt and there will undoubtedly be apron tunics with cascading frills. For early autumn wear the coat frock will come into its own and will be seen in conjunction with handsome fox stoles as well as small shoulder capes. The frocks will be expressed in wool fabrics showing plain tweed and small check effects. Nothing will be able to cast a shadow over the ensemble, the frock in a mixture of silk and wool and the coat in a dull material. Collars will either be very high or quite narrow, the latter mere bands about 2 in. wide.

Black for Day and White for Evening.

Black continues its triumphant progress for day-time wear; it is often lightened with white or a shade that may be described as "just off white." The lingerie touch is of paramount importance. During the warm weather sand shades will be accepted. Orange in alliance with black is making a tentative bid for favour; should a vogue for it result the whole gamut of flame shades will come into the limelight. Nothing will oust white from its pinnacle for evening wear, although it is believed that pale yellow will make an attempt to do so. A new note is struck by the dress in which two different colours are present, the skirt being dark and the corsage light.

Ensembles and Tailored Suits.

The advance guard of the autumn fashions has gone into residence in the ready-to-wear department at Jays, Regent Street. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that in this department there are dresses for 5½ guineas. A model at this price is carried out in a French wool-flecked fabric; the corsage portion is arranged with a flared basque and the waist-line emphasized with a narrow belt; touches of white piqué complete the scheme. In striking contrast to this is an ensemble carried out in billiard-cloth-green mantillya carrelle; the dress gives the impression of being the simplest affair imaginable. A careful scrutiny shows that it is decidedly sophisticated; there are well-high invisible insertions and pleats all arranged to assist in the good work of slimming; the coat is reinforced with a handsome fur collar. In this connection it must be related that Jays are using a novel pelt for collars; it has the appearance of red fox, only it is softer. Some

of the smartest coats and skirts are made of black and white pheasant-eye checks; by the way they are only 10½ guineas.

The Little Frock.

A feature is made of the little frock that may appropriately be worn on a variety of different occasions at Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W. Much to be desired is the model portrayed on



Model, Madame Barri

Picture by Blake

A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN FROCK

Carried out in a black wool fabric lightened with tinsel thread stud-spots and finished with a patent leather belt

this page; it is carried out in a new black fabric which has a cashmere surface with a reverse of charmelaine; the stud-spots, which attractively brighten the scheme, are of gold tinsel. Note the narrow bands at the neck and wrists, also the patent leather belt. An ensemble which introduces the autumn note of the alliance of contrasting colours has the upper part of the corsage of orange beige silk

marocain, the lower part and the skirt being of a chestnut-brown wool fabric showing a matelasse weave; there is a bolero and a long coat of the latter. The evening dresses are extremely graceful. A *chef d'œuvre* is carried out in black net; it is very clear, the spots being nearly the size of threepenny bits; there is a cleverly designed hip yoke decorated with narrow frills; frills likewise camouflage the skirt from the knees downwards, the intermediary part being gauged horizontally. An almost tailored aspect is given to a black velvet dress, nevertheless it could not fail to add to the charm of the wearer no matter whether she be old or young.

Graceful Figures.

There is no doubt that during recent years the corset has developed along the widest possible lines, great consideration has been given to the comfort and physical well-being of the wearers, neither have the dictates of fashion been neglected. The hour-glass figure and the wasp waist disappeared when women gained their freedom. This freedom does not mean laxity. Those who wish to possess a graceful figure throughout their lives must wear an aid in the form of a corset or foundation garment so that Nature may be helped and not handicapped. It must be remembered that no matter the cost of a frock it looks shabby and out-of-date unless it be partnered with a perfect foundation garment.

Made of an Anotex Product.

Charnaux is the name of the unique foundation garments that are sponsored by Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus; they are made of an Anotex product, and promptly reduce the figure by from 1 in. to 1½ in. There is a broderie anglaise pattern which has a very important mission to perform; the size of the holes vary according to where support is most needed, there is never any hint of compression, science and hygiene have gone hand in hand in their creation. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the holes are deposited and not cut, therefore there is no chance of their splitting. There are three types, one with zip fastenings, one laced at the sides and another pull-on model, and, of course, there are a variety of sizes, so that every figure may be suited. The cost ranges from 2½ to 3 guineas. It is impossible to do justice to them in words. To put the matter in

a nutshell, they really do accomplish that which is claimed for them: they give full support without compression, are light, pliant, and perfectly ventilated, adapting themselves to every curve and line.

A Suggestion.

Nothing makes better shoulder straps than Cash's washing ribbons; they are available in a variety of colours.



FASHIONS FOR THE COUNTRY

Assembled at

Marshall & Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.1

Reading from Left to Right: (1) Rough Coat in Scotch Tweed: leather buttons—extremely serviceable. Brown shades, price $7\frac{1}{2}$ gns. (2) Coat and Skirt in handwoven Harris Tweed. Skirt with pockets—coat waterproof lined. In heather mixtures, price (made to order) $10\frac{1}{2}$ gns. (3) Shooting Suit in Shetland Tweed, indeterminate colours. Three sizes, price $9\frac{1}{2}$ gns. (4) Double Texture Waterproofed Mackintosh. Drab shades, price $52/6$. (5) Suit in handwoven Harris Tweed, suède collar and buttons, price (made to order) $12\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MR. AND MRS. GUY VICKERS

Who were recently married at St. James' Church, Piccadilly. Mr. Vickers is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Vickers of Haywards Heath, and the bride was formerly Miss Cynthia Joakin, daughter of Mr. M. Joakin

Blackberry Hill, co. Dublin; Captain Roland Richardson, M.C., 1st Batt. 13th Frontier Force Rifles (Coke's), elder son of Brig.-General H. L. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson of

Marrying Abroad.

An interesting wedding which is taking place at Colombo in October is that of Mr. Denis Alexander Wood of Travancore, South India, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood of Blagdon House, Blagdon, Bristol, and Mary Joan Frances, daughter of the Rev. E. L. and Mrs. Reeves of Butcombe Rectory, Blagdon, Bristol. Mr. R. V. H. Roseveare and Miss Frances Fraser are being married at Calgary, Alberta, on August 12; and on September 4, Mr. D. Stephens of Madras is marrying Mrs. Mary Elinor Minnie Hodgson in Bombay.

Recent Engagements.

The engagement was recently announced of Mr. Richard Irvin, son of Sir John and Lady Irvin, B a y v i e w, Aberdeen, and Miss Joyce Ramsden, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. C. Ramsden,



Hay Wrightson

MISS EILEEN GEE

Who is to marry Mr. J. J. Tawney in August in Dar-es-Salaam, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gee of Uplands, Rothley, Leicestershire. Mr. Tawney is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tawney of Oxford

Beggar's Bush House, Musselburgh, and Margaret, second daughter of Dr. Herbert Dobie, M.B.E., and Mrs. Dobie of Northdene, Chester; the marriage is taking place in September. Mr. Robert Owen Wilcoxon, eldest son of R. Stanley Wilcoxon of London and the West Indies, and Ida Margaret Melling of 85, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Melling, late of Helensburgh, Scotland; Captain R. M. Davies, 1st/6th Rajputana Rifles, Nasirabad, India, second son of

Mr. and Mrs. J. Davies, Carrickfergus, Ireland, and Patricia, daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Sheridan, 18, Kensington Mansions, S.W.; Captain A. Milburn, youngest son of the late Sir John Milburn of Guyzance, Acklington, Northumberland, and Clara, Lady Milburn of Rufford Hall, York, and Vera Doris Madeline, younger daughter of Mr. R. B. Barrett and the late Mrs. Barrett of Skipton Castle, Yorks; Mr. Godfrey Sturdy Incledon-Webber, elder son of Captain and Mrs.

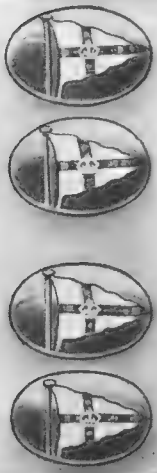
Incledon-Webber of Buckland, Braunton, North Devon, and Angela, third daughter of Sir Pierce and Lady Lacy of Ampton Hall, Suffolk.



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD WALKER

Who were married at St. Nicholas' Church, Sutton, on July 11. Both are popular members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, the bride being Miss Enid Martin

JEWELLERY FOR THE YACHTING ENTHUSIAST



A pair of 15-carat gold cuff links with Royal Yacht Squadron burgee. At Gieves

Alliance of Fashion and Art.

During four centuries Old Bond Street, W., has been rich in reminiscences of fashion as well as in literary associations. Sir Walter Scott describes the lonely death of Laurence Sterne in his lodgings in this street, and here Boswell entertained Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, and other celebrities of the day. Byron, Lytton, Macaulay were other distinguished inhabitants in its vicinity, whilst art is represented by Sir Thomas Lawrence, president of the Royal Academy. Connoisseurs connect Old Bond Street with what has been termed "the most distinguished premises in London," once the home of the famous Duveen collection. To-day Old Bond Street retains many of its old character-

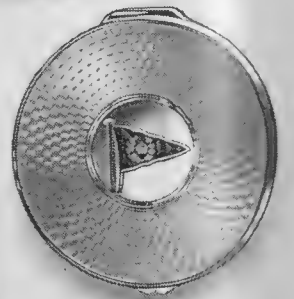


Burgee brooches and tie-pin. At Gieves, 21, Old Bond Street, W.1

it includes brooches, pendants, and bracelets carried out in gold enamel and platinum, as well as useful accessories, including cigarette cases and vanity cases. A decided novelty is a ship's lantern in solid silver; for table use it performs the mission of a cigarette box with port or starboard lights. Another silver cigarette-case has an enamel international code; furthermore, there are lighters in the form of ships' funnels.

Burgee Brooches and Tie-pins.

A gift that is sure of a welcome is a burgee brooch; at the top of the group in the centre of this page is a



Solid silver vanity case with raised enamel Corinthian burgee. At Gieves

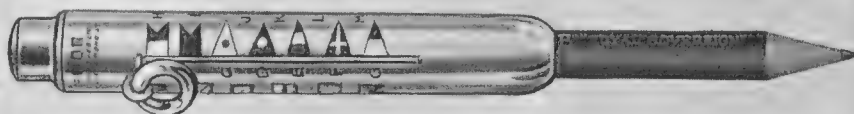
istics. Its narrow ways are still the favourite resort of the fashionable world. Lovers of art frequent its many galleries, whilst "the most distinguished premises," 21, Old Bond Street, occupied by Gieves, combine art and fashion.

Emblematic Jewellery.

Emblematic jewellery, as these illustrations show, has received special attention;



15-carat gold and enamel International Code bracelet. At Gieves



Silver and enamel code pencil with drop action. At Gieves

model composed of sapphires and diamonds set in platinum with a Royal Thames burgee, below is one of 15-carat gold and enamel showing the Royal London Yacht burgee; at the base is one of rubies and diamonds with the Royal Yacht Squadron burgee. The 15-carat gold and enamel bar brooch has the Royal Thames burgee, while the gold and enamel tie-pin has the Royal Yacht Squadron burgee.



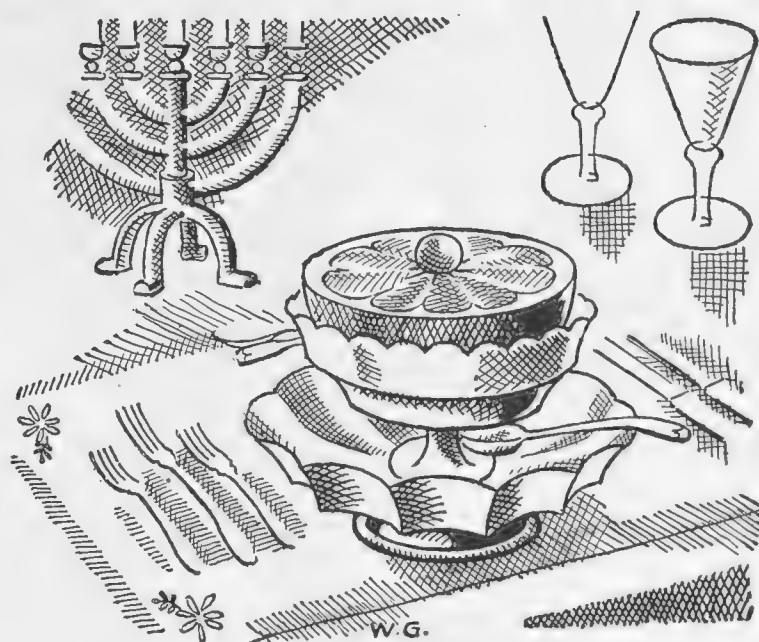
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Yet how easy it is to finish for ever with those undainty odours both of breath and body! Every morning, use $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of Milton in a tumbler of water as a mouthwash and gargle. And wherever you perspire dab Milton on full strength. Then—you will be absolutely safe from all embarrassment on **all** occasions! Milton cannot irritate your skin. It is by far the safest and surest disinfectant for all intimate purposes. Use it daily—and never know a moment's anxiety again!

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for use with
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Employed by
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Motor Notes and News

Messrs. William Turner and Bro., Ltd., of Sheffield have just produced a new model of the famous Kismet tyre tester. The features which characterized the earlier Kismet tyre tester, namely the flat reading surface and the absence of perishable rubber sack, have been retained, whilst the following additional features have been introduced: the shape of the head has been modified to enable the finger to conveniently apply the gauge to the valve; it is also set at an angle to further facilitate application to the valve; the indicator has been lengthened, and through the use of three sides of the long triangular indicator it has been made possible to calibrate all pressures individually in large clear figures; the makers claim that the Kismet '31 tyre tester is by far the most accurate on the market. This they say is due to the internal construction which permits of very fine adjustment when assembling. The neat and highly-finished appearance is due, not so much to any attempt to attract by external finish alone, but is the natural result of the meticulous care taken in every process of the manufacture of a scientific instrument. The tyre tester is sold for 6s. 9d.

Ford Motor Co., Ltd., announces the introduction of a new Road Map of Great Britain and Ireland. This booklet has been produced with characteristic thoroughness, the sectional road maps being clearly marked and easily followed. Under the heading, "Reference to Maps," will be observed that the classes of roads are unmistakably indicated, and that such popular

places as golf courses, race courses, aerodromes, etc., are denoted by representative symbols. All main roads are clearly marked. The map includes also an explanatory article dealing with the Highway Code, and its application to the motorist; signals as employed by traffic police and drivers: automatic and controlled signals, and a wealth of information invaluable to road users. At the back of the map is incorporated a twenty-four page list of Ford dealers' facilities depôts in Great Britain and Ireland, indexed under the name of the town in which dealer's premises are situated. The name and address, telephone number, tele-

graphic address, and map reference are given in each case, all items of vital importance to touring motorists, especially Ford owners. The new Ford Road Map costs 1s., and can be obtained from any authorised Ford dealer.



IRON NERVES!

Sir Herbert Parsons, Bart., Chairman and Director of Phosferine, Ltd., and Mr. Dudley Whiter, a member of Lloyds, are the two people in front on the 1900 De Dion, which was halted in Ludgate Circus to give the camera a chance. Mr. Jack Parsons, Sir Herbert Parsons' son, drove this old box of works, and none of his passengers could have stuck it if they had not been fortified by the famous nerve tonic

So many motor clubs to-day do so little for their members that it is refreshing to find one which is an exception to the rule. At Shelsley Walsh, for instance, the Riley Motor Club arranged a special enclosure for its members and, indeed, Riley owners in general. Tea was provided free to members, and 215 cars were parked. In all, nearly 800 members and friends took advantage of the facilities provided. The Riley Club is, of course, by far the largest one-make club in the country, and with its membership of over 1,000 is one of the largest clubs affiliated to the R.A.C. Apart from the recent very successful twenty-four hour trial it organizes rallies, social meetings, etc., and in every possible way gives its members the full value of their subscriptions. Other motor clubs might well take a leaf from its book.

The Modern Note in Travel Kit



MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

156-162, OXFORD ST., W.1. 172, REGENT ST., W.1.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4. - LONDON.

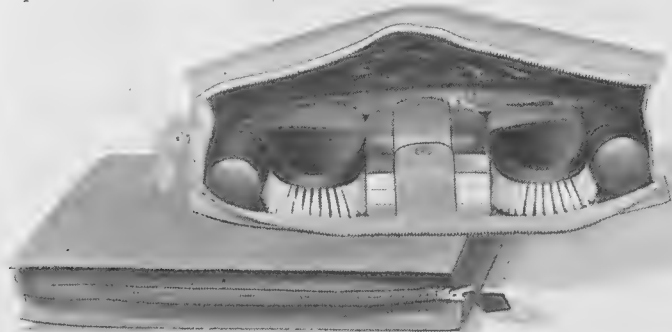
The Cases illustrated embody the newest ideas in Lightweight Luggage for the Holidays. They combine the utmost in utility with an economic price. A Catalogue will be sent upon request.



L 1911.



L 1907.



L 1918.

L 1918. Flat Pigskin Dressing Case, with Zip Fastening. Lined Waterproof Silk, and conveniently fitted with Ebony Brushes, etc. 13½ x 7 in., £3 15 0
10½ x 7 in. (with one Hair Brush), £2 17 6

L 1911. Pigskin 'Attache' Dressing Case, 11½ x 8 x 2½ in., containing a service of Chromium-plated Fittings and Cochinelle Brushes. £10 10 0

L 1907. Pigskin Travelling Case, 16 x 10½ x 6 in. The service of Chromium-plated Fittings and Cochinelle Brushes is contained in a detachable 'Roll-up' Case, leaving a large area for Clothing. £15 0 0



OUT OF THE VERY HEART OF ENGLAND THE CAR THE PUBLIC WANTS IS HERE!

Surely no cars have ever been launched with greater confidence than these new Standard models. For, are they not just what the public *wants*—what they have *waited* for? Standard have watched an inevitable demand arise—for a new series of cars built to meet the economic conditions of to-day! Cars of deep luxury and high performance, cars of sound qualities and brilliant capabilities—*yet sensationally low in price and running costs!*

To-day, Standard announce and introduce to you four new all-British cars!

THE "STANDARD LITTLE NINE"

A car is made... to seat four grown-up people in roomy comfort... to give a comfortable maximum speed of 56 miles an hour... to hold the road with the steadiness of much larger cars... *to run for over 40 miles on a single gallon of petrol.*

A car is made... all-British, constructed of the finest materials... powerful, yet light enough to reduce running costs to a minimum, sturdy enough to ensure the utmost reliability, small enough to be garaged easily and cared for by the owner. A car is made... luxuriously finished and lavishly equipped... with springing that is a positive revelation... for £155!

Coachbuilt Saloon £155 Ex works

(For full descriptions and road tests of all models see July 31 issue of the "Autocar.")

THE "STANDARD BIG NINE"

The "Big Nine" in its 1932 form! Even cheaper to buy, even cheaper to run. All coachbuilt bodies now... rear petrol tank... a four-speed gearbox with really silent third... the new impressive radiator design... sliding roof as standard... Protectoglass screen, Magna type wire wheels. A full-sized family or business car with all the economical advantages of light weight, low horsepower and small chassis dimensions.

Coachbuilt Saloon £205 Ex works

THE "STANDARD SIXTEEN"

A car with all the costly qualities of luxury, comfort and performance—yet at a revolutionary price! A sweet silent speed of 65 m.p.h... easily operated controls... flexibility and acceleration suggestive of much larger cars. The famous Standard "Ensign" ready for 1932—with even more luxury and comfort, even more lavish equipment, even more brilliant road capabilities.

Coachbuilt Saloon £235 Ex works

THE "STANDARD TWENTY"

A still more spacious model of the Standard "Envoy," with all its magnificent luxury—coachbuilt for £325! This model is built for the motorist who requires a really large car. Yet good looks have not been sacrificed to size; you have to look inside to realise the roominess of this great comfortable car. All models this year are upholstered in furniture hide, seats are deeply cushioned and a wealth of equipment and appointments supplied.

Coachbuilt Saloon £325 Ex works

the **STANDARD**
by which all other cars are judged

STANDARD DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN ARE WAITING TO SHOW YOU THESE FOUR AMAZING CARS...

Write for a wonderful new catalogue to the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 202

spot called Ofcolaco—somewhere in the Transvaal, I gather—because my friend, whose *nom de course* is "The Apostle," lives at another place called Politsi in the Northern Transvaal. The Ofcolaco Race Meeting and Gymkhana is reported in flowing language by "The Apostle" in the "Zoutspanberg Review" and from what he says about it, they must have hit the high spots and had a thoroughly convivial time. Everyone was full of beans and bonhomie, and as June is their winter, and they get far better weather than we get as a rule at Ascot, I expect they had every inducement to go a good gallop. This part of "The Apostle's" entertaining description of things interests me more than any other: "There was all the fun of the fair in addition to some first-class racing. The first thing that struck my eye was a zebra foal, about the size of a large dog, gaily decorated with an aigrette and wearing a little saddle on which was a money-box for subscriptions to the English church. This perfectly-groomed and tame little creature is the property of Lieut.-Commander Marshall, I believe, and when the redoubtable Commander takes his matutinal swim the zebra—like Mary's little lamb—follows him to school." They had a well-run tote—a shooting-range, an ice-cream factory, and I feel certain some cocoanut shies, and some lobster purveyors, and I am interested to note that the Bar was run by a gentleman named, most appropriately, Porter.



AT THE MARSTON TRUSSELL FÊTE

This fête was held in aid of the Leicestershire hospitals, and in the group are: Mr. C. E. de Trafford of Hothorpe, Miss de Trafford, Mrs. Beadon, Miss Knatton, and Captain E. S. Beadon. Mr. de Trafford is a former Leicestershire county cricket captain

Major C. Van der Byl, founder of the Fur Crusade, of Wappenham, Towcester, Northants, sends me the following extract from a letter received by him from the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association, Prince Edward Island, which is of interest:

We think you would be safe in assuming that there are now more than five thousand fur farms in this Dominion, the great majority of which are devoted to the raising of silver foxes, of which some 150,000 were produced last year. Mink, muskrat, badger, blue fox, and racoons are all raised in captivity, which

means that they are properly cared for and humanely killed. Muskrats are, as you say, cheaper to raise than foxes, but they do not command so great a price. We know some people who think they can make money with muskrats, and have made it; and we expect, as information becomes more definite, the raising of muskrats will become of greater importance.

It may be of interest to you to know that apparently some form of disease has been raging through the wild animals in the north of Canada, and it is rumoured that the same thing is true in Russia. If the reports are not exaggerated, the shortage of fur within the next eighteen months will force the buyers to turn more and more to the farm-raised product.

Owing to the resolution recently carried with an overwhelming majority by the National Federation of Women's Institutes at their annual meeting at the Albert Hall, that the women of England be urged to ask for and, when possible, to buy only humane furs, there is now more than ever a need for fur shops which can guarantee their furs humanely obtained. Since July, 1929, Major Van der Byl has sent out 170,000 leaflets.

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BOUND FOR RIO

or any other place, on land or sea, you will get more pleasure and real travel comfort out of your voyage if you carry a HARTMANN wardrobe trunk or piece of hand wardrobe luggage.



HARTMANN trunks and luggage are built to stand wear and rough usage. Over half a million travellers all over the world selected them on account of their strength, roominess and ability to prevent wrinkling of clothes.

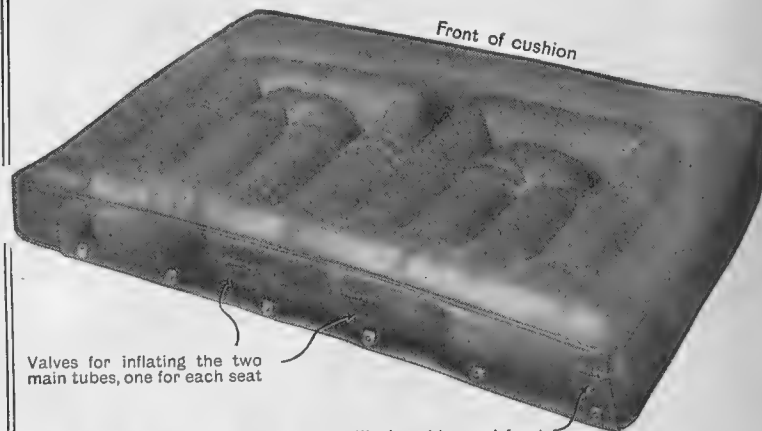
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TRUNKS AND LUGGAGE

Your very good health

may easily suffer from continuous vibration—if a run of 200 miles on ordinary upholstery sets up headache or car stiffness your nerves will suffer. Float-on-Air stops all this by absorbing vibration before it reaches you. Float-on-Air differs from all other air cushions, owing to its patent tubular construction which gives complete support with low internal pressure and definitely prevents rolling. That is why it has been used in all the great events by Segrave, Malcolm Campbell, Kaye Don, all T.T. (1931) Winners, etc., etc.



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Insist on having it on your new car. Existing seats can be converted. Your Garage can undertake the work or send direct to the sole Makers:—

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"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind-Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "*The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.*" The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yoghis and explains a unique system for the Development



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of personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic powers, Memory, Concentration, Will-Power and the correction of undesirable habits through the wonder power of Suggestion.

Mr. Martin Goldhardt writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

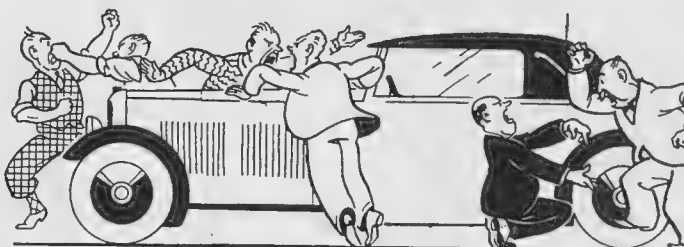
In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character,
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and address your letter to: **PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S.A. (Dept. 541-B), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium.** If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.



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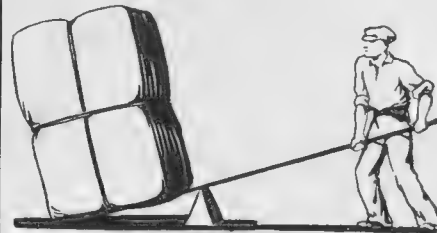
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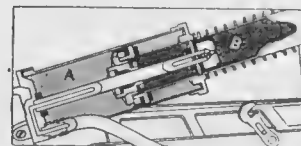
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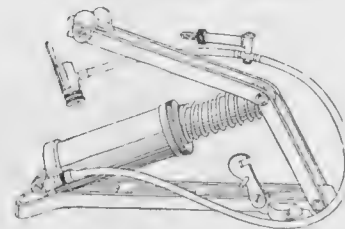
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

August is a quiet month with regard to championship shows. There are of course many ordinary shows; these are usually most pleasant functions, and first-class dogs are seen at them. The next big two-days' championship show is that of the Scottish Kennel Club, which takes place on September 30 and October 1 in Edinburgh.

The interest is now shifting to field trials; the season really begins at the end of this month with the various pointer and setter trials. The I.G.L. pointer and setter trials take place in Perthshire on August 5-7. Lady Howe is one of the judges; she is also judging at the Scottish Spaniel Club Trials on December 1-2.

The chief point of interest of the past show season seems to be the wonderful way in which the dog cult is keeping its end up. Despite the unprecedentedly hard times, shows in general are as well supported as usual. This is a most cheering sign. Anything that is not going down helps to raise our spirits, and the dog industry is now so enormous and employs so many thousands, directly and indirectly, that it is most important that it should prosper.

It is a great help in life to have something pleasant to look forward to, and what could be pleasanter than looking forward to running a good spaniel in the Trials next year? Mrs. Charlesworth sends a snapshot of some springer pups which should enable their owners to do this. These pups are by the famous Trial winner Banchory Rex, ex-Noranby Rhys, who was 4th in the I.G.L. Trials the first time out, and "had only," as Mrs. Charlesworth says, "been broken by me for my



KEESHOND PUPS
The property of Lady Cooper



POINTERS AND SETTERS
Trained by Mrs. Foster Mitchell

own shoot, not polished for Trials at all." The puppies are very good-looking and should be first-class workers.

Mrs. Foster Mitchell owns one of the best-known Gundog Training Kennels in the country. Her dogs are kept in ideal conditions on the Yorkshire moors, and as she is a good shot herself she knows what a gundog should be. Last year dogs trained by her were 1st and 2nd English Setter Puppy Stake, 1st K.C. Derby and 2nd, 1st and 2nd I.G.L. Puppy Stake, Grouse Trials. In the 1931 Spring Trials she trained the winner and the equal 3rd Aged Stake. She has always a few highly-trained dogs for sale or hire.

Mrs. Halliwell Carew, so well known in Bedlington circles, now has the charge of Lady Cooper's keeshonds. She sends a delightful snapshot of a family by the famous Jacob, who has won many prizes and is one of the foremost keeshonds at present. These puppies are for sale cheap, as Lady Cooper is making room for more litters, also the mother, who is an excellent brood bitch and a first-class companion.

Lady de Courcy Wheler writes from Ireland as follows: "As I have gone to live in Dublin I cannot keep the lovely Afghan hound, Asman of Ghanzi, a most lovely son of Champion Sirdar of Ghanzi. He is the same

colour as his illustrious sire and has won whenever shown. As there are no classes for Afghans over here, he is wasted. He is in splendid condition and a great bargain, and should do 'a power of winning' for someone. I do want him to go to a kind home where he'll get lots of the exercise he loves."



SPRINGER PUPS
The property of Mrs. Charlesworth

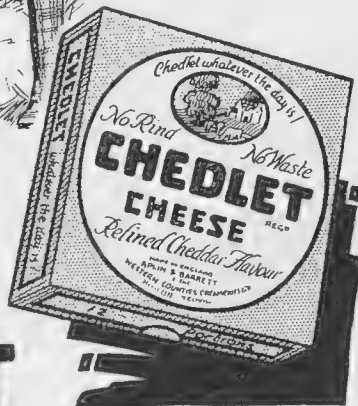
NICKNAMES, BADGES & TRADITIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY



The First of Foot and the oldest regiment in the British Army. The Royal Scots, when in the French Service (1670), had a dispute with the Picardy Regiment as to the antiquity of the two corps. The Picardy Regiment claimed to have been on duty A.D. 33. But the First Foot wittily claimed to have been Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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Aldwych



A RHINELAND BEAUTY SPOT

The Kurhotel Petersberg, which is set in the midst of the idyllic mountain scenery of the Seven Mountains. As part of the mediæval back-ground are Heisterbach Abbey, the Löwenburg, and a score of other interesting places, all easily accessible from one of the most modern hotels in Rhineland, that on the Petersberg (about 1,100 ft., with a magnificent view on the Rhine Valley and the surrounding Hills). A funicular railway and a private motor road link the Kurhotel with Königswinter, the nearest railway station and landing place for the Rhine steamers

these the most effective excerpts were selected to form the two records of four sides now available to the public. Six microphones were placed at different points of the arena, and these were connected to the recording van by means of several miles of electric cable, most of it being buried below the ground over which the troops marched. The first record is a composite one giving the bugles sounding the Retreat, drums and fifes, fanfare by mounted band, the pipe band, the massed band of the Command, a mimic battle, and "Love's Old Sweet Song" as a memory, each item being introduced by voice. On the reverse side there is club swinging to the strains of "Bathing in the Sunshine" by a band and men whistling, and the grand finale which ends with "Abide With Me," the National Anthem, and cheers for the Queen, who was present, by the 7,000 soldiers on parade. The second record of the Tattoo renders Handel's "Largo," played with rich and noble effect by a thousand musicians. During a lull, the sob of a woman, who must have been close to the microphone, is distinctly heard. The programme

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

With the authority of the Aldershot Command, "His Master's Voice" have for some years had the sole right of recording for the gramophone the Searchlight Tattoo on the huge natural arena of Rushmoor. To preserve all the thrills and atmosphere of the Tattoo, the gramophone company's engineers and the mobile recording studio were present at all the performances, and on over fifty wax discs the sound waves of the music were etched, and from

finishes with the March Off, when the bands give such favourites as "Here we are again," "Pack up your troubles," "Armentières," "Tipperary," and "Soldiers of the Queen."

By the B. and N. Line Royal Mail route to Norway (Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bergen) motor-cars, irrespective of size and weight will, if accompanied by three passengers, be conveyed free of freight on the vessels. The extensive development of good roads in Norway during the past few years has opened up the most beautiful districts of the country which hitherto could only be traversed by the national pony carriage.

The fire protection of the stands and exhibits at the recent Royal Agricultural Society's Show, Warwick, was again entrusted to Merryweather and Sons of Greenwich, who have carried out this duty for many years. Within the show grounds there was a special Merryweather Fire Station equipped with a powerful Hatfield motor fire engine as supplied to H.M. the King and to public and private fire brigades in all parts of the world, and a Hatfield trailer fire pump of which large numbers have been supplied to owners of country mansions and estates, factories, colleges, etc.



LADY KATHARINE MANLEY

Snapshotted in action at a recent tournament. Lady Katharine Manley is Lord Northesk's only sister and married Captain W. B. L. Manley, Grenadier Guards, in 1924

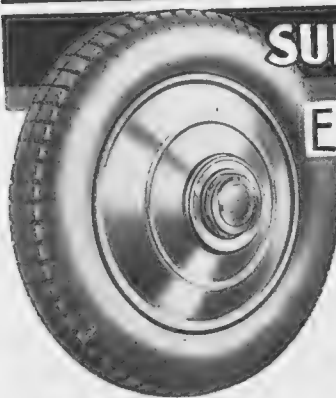
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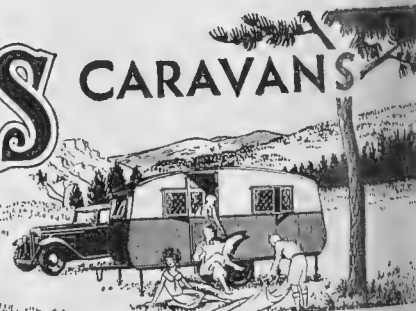
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For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 67-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagnons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.

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Never before has Face Massage guaranteed to cure acne, blackheads, remove superfluous hair, clean up a muddy and blotchy complexion, cure enlarged pores.

For gentlemen suffering from acne and a blotchy complexion it is a perfect treatment.

For ladies desirous of softening lines, and toning up the skin, one treatment will give results.

The treatment can be taken in the privacy of your own home, or given at any of the Viteclev Salons.

For full particulars write:—

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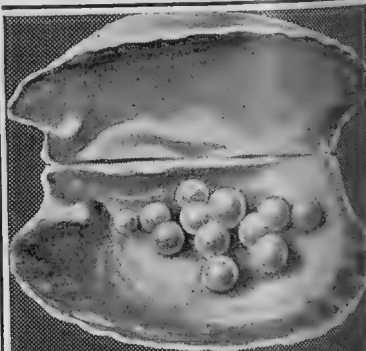
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is the highest perfection for making the face, eyes, neck, chin, nose, ears, lips, painlessly and permanently beautiful. The Method is the outcome of twenty years' scientific research work based on 10,000 successful cases, and is exclusively practised by the inventor, a highly-skilled and experienced Continental Specialist.

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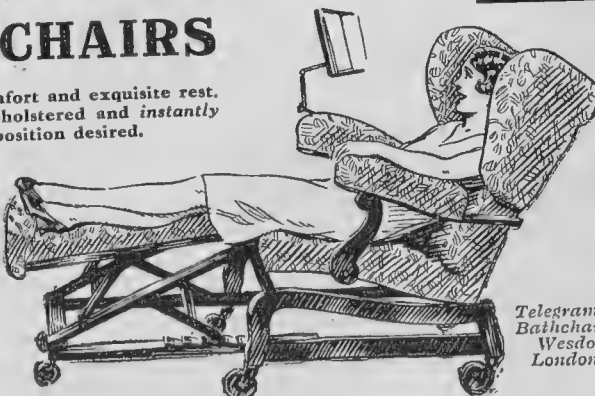
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FOR perfect comfort and exquisite rest. Luxuriously upholstered and instantly adjustable to any position desired.

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Really serious swimmers, and those experts who swoop gracefully from the highest diving board, prefer "Ribana" Swimming Suits for several very practical reasons. "Ribana" styles are sensibly shaped—nothing "fussy" about them, no superfluous material, nothing to hamper vigorous action. Because of its unique elastic weave "Ribana" responds freely to every movement of the body and the soft Australian wool from which it is made is cosy and comfortable whether wet or dry.

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SWIMMING SUITS

THE WEAVE THAT FITS AND LOOKS LIKE SILK

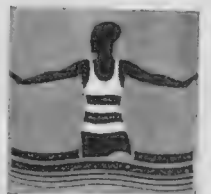
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Please send me, post free, particulars of Ribana Swimming Suits.

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FOR LADIES



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1. Style 305. Design 723 for Men.
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V716.—Attractive Cap in felt with brim slightly rolled across face and finished with Plumage Mount. In small and medium fittings and several colourings. PRICE **39/6**

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Photo by Lenore.

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A workmanlike Matita Ensemble for the moors, golf, etc., comprising Tunic, Skirt, Cardigan Coat and Cap in a diamond check Wool Weave and Scarf of Crêpe-de-Chêne. In Brown/White and Blue/White only. Price complete **12½ Gns.**



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An excellent cleansing cream and skin food for use on retiring. Perfumed with Attar of Roses. In pots 10½d., 1/6 and 2/6 or in tubes at 1/- (Sample tube 6d.)

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In Blue and Gold Boxes of three Tablets 8d. per tablet. Box of three 2/-.



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ARE your evening clothes laid out for you at home... studs and cuff links put in? It's a nice habit—one we have at Grosvenor House.

Things are done for you at Grosvenor House quietly and efficiently... things that you're not particularly aware of until they are neglected. For instance, the reading lamp above your bed is placed *exactly* right, so that no shadows are cast on your book. Your shoes are polished by a manservant who knows *how* to polish shoes. And whether you take a suite, a flat or a single room, you'll find deep, built-in wardrobes to hold all your clothes.

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Regd.
BRITISH ANGORA
OVERWEAR and
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A beautiful Cap and Scarf of "PENORA" Hand-woven Material in a variety of exquisite shades and styles.

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PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION BY THE

Manners
TREATMENT
is guaranteed to make the
Face look 15 years younger.

Do your Looks betray you? For every woman who looks as young as she feels there are hundreds who have AGEING LINES from nose to mouth, WRINKLES and CROWSFEET round the eyes, SAGGING CHEEKS and MUSCLES that destroy the firm contour of youth. Cosmetics are useless, there is only ONE CERTAIN method of ensuring that these facial defects disappear permanently, and that is the Manners Treatment which concentrates upon the foundation of every feature. Madame Manners is the only Woman Specialist who is helping women to recover permanently their youthful beauty. She is an Englishwoman, talented, skilful and sympathetic. Read these extracts from letters received daily:—

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Nightgown Tops in great variety from 3/- to 50/-.

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Remnants best quality Crêpe-de-Chine, Triple Ninon, Washing Satin, coloured Cotton Materials, etc.
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THE CHARNAUX BELT

AN ABSOLUTELY NEW CORSET .
A SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT EXTRA
SKIN, AS YIELDING, AS FLEXIBLE
AND AS STRONG AS YOUR OWN.
SUPPORTING YOU WHERE YOU
NEED SUPPORT . ALLOWING
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TISSUE . THE ONLY BELT IN

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WHICH YOU LOOK MORE SLENDER THAN YOU
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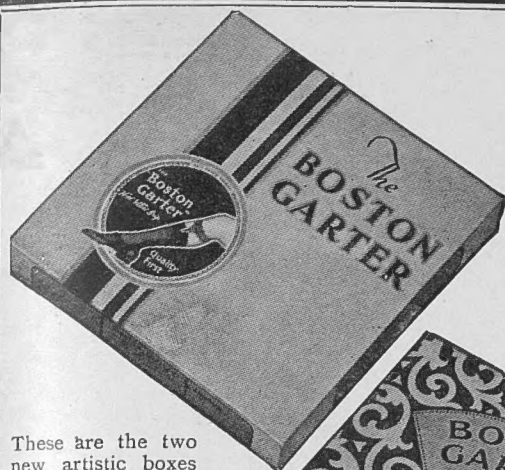
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125 rooms, 50 baths. 18-hole Golf. Tennis. Fine Water-chute.

Terms: July and September, from 9s.; August, from 12s.

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"Don't tell me you've shaved!"



"Hope she sees the difference that Mennen made!"



"My! I've never seen you so clean and smooth looking!"

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

You notice it—so does everyone else—the clean, smooth, happy look on your face after a Mennen shave!

No wonder! This soothing Mennen Cream in the handy tube refreshes, tones up your skin as it softens every stiff, stubborn hair (even the ones that always bother you). Your razor cuts closer, faster, gentler—without scraping or tugging. And you get more shaves per blade too.

Join the modern Mennen men! Use Mennen Shaving Cream (or the cooler, brisker Menthol-ized Cream). Both made for happy shaves!

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Write for a Mennen Sample Kit containing Mennen Menthol-ized Shaving Cream, Mennen Standard Shaving Cream, Mennen Talcum for men, and Mennen Skin Balm. FREE and Post Paid.



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TUBE
1/6

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

TORQUAY VICTORIA & ALBERT

FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL

Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra.

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Every facility for a perfect sojourn. 120 Rooms. Elevator. Number of Bedrooms fitted h. & c. water, central heating. Official Hotel, R.A.C., R.S.A.C., A.A.

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Wash Out Your Pores
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Cuticura Soap

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Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.



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Recognised by Board of Education

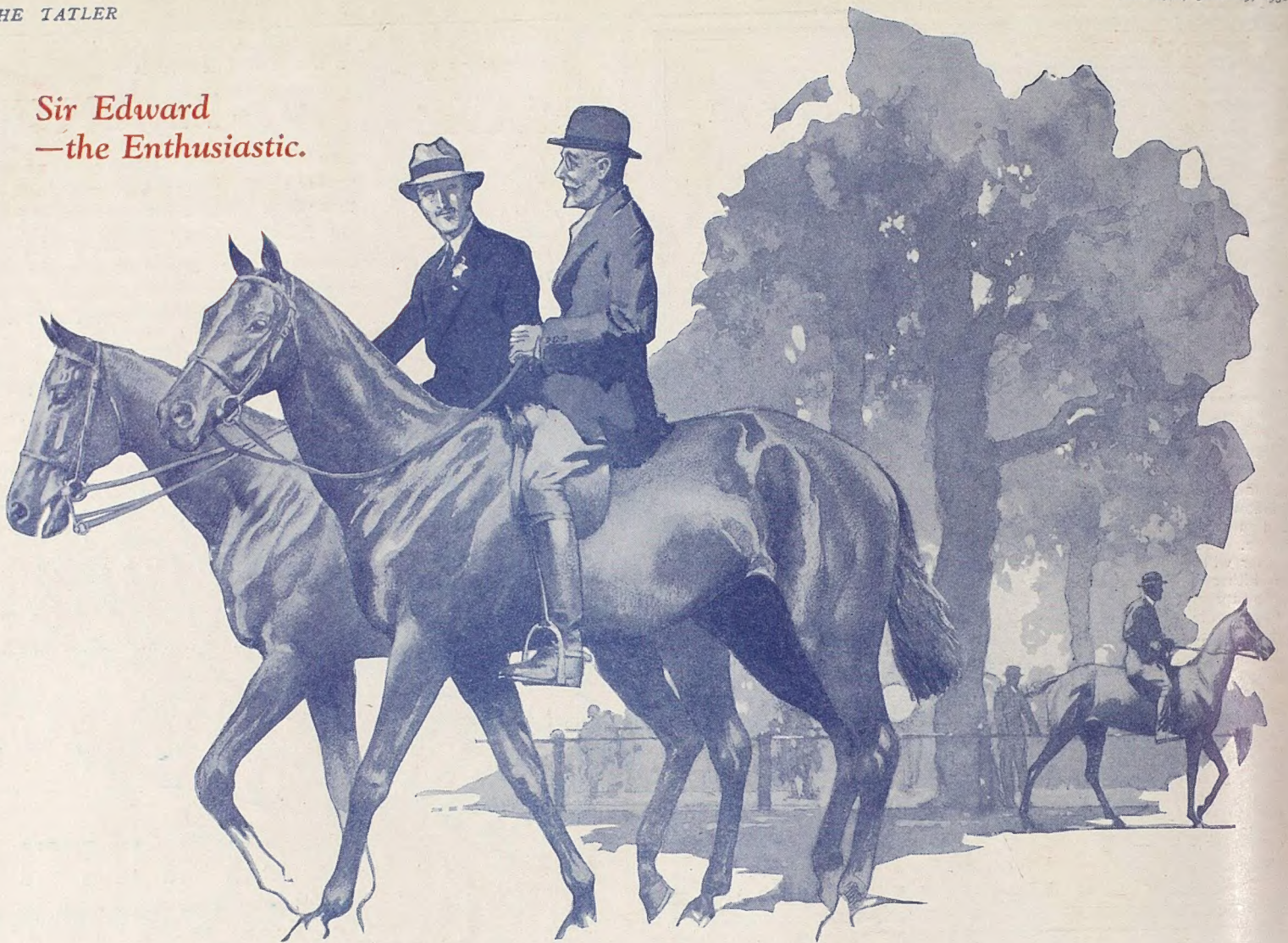
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CHEMIST
SOUTHAMPTON

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.



Three Identical Wagers— Three Different Settlements!

Lord Bob: "Funniest thing I ever heard."

Sir Edward: "What's the joke? Don't keep it all to yourself."

Lord Bob: "You recollect the race 'Vixen' won, starting at 5/1 'on'?"

Sir Edward: "Very well! I had a 'monkey' on her."

Lord Bob: "Well, Harlington, Dicky Smithson and Ronnie Westgate all fancied 'Tigress,' which ran second. Peculiarly enough, each had exactly the same wager—i.e., £100 each way."

Sir Edward: "What happened?"

Lord Bob: "That's the joke; you know 'Tigress' started at 20/1. Harlington's bookie claimed £100 from him, as he doesn't allow place betting when the favourite starts 'odds on.' Smithson's man sent him £100, as he limits the place odds to 2/1 under those circumstances; whilst Westgate's agent credited him with the full odds, and sent him a cheque for £400. Ronnie hasn't stopped laughing."

Sir Edward: "Very funny, indeed. I venture to think I could name his agent."

Lord Bob: "Who do you think it is?"

Sir Edward: "Douglas Stuart."

Lord Bob: "How did you guess?"

Sir Edward: "Not difficult at all. He's really the only man who doesn't hamper his clients with all sorts of funny limits. That's why I'm so enthusiastic about him."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.